THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

Through all the long and weary day,
Till Eve came in and stole the light,
Till Twilight ushered in the Night,
The Messenger was on his way.

Our blue-eyed baby lay asleep,
And we sat watching over her,
For well we knew the Messenger
Would claim her 'ere the morn would peep.

I clasped her closer to my heart,
And gently smoothed the golden hair,
And gently kissed the brow so fair,
The chiselled lips but half apart.

And one whose hand was clasping mine
Was sitting watching there with me,
With deep convulsive agony
Upon his brow in every line.

In vain to soothe the bitter pain
We strove; for nought we knew could save
Our blue eyed baby from the grave,
And give her back to us again.

The weary night slow wore away—
Perhaps he will not come till morn,
Said both our hearts with sadness torn—
He may not come till break of day.

But list—a stirring of the air—
There was no sound of opening door,
Nor fall of footstep on the floor,
And yet the Messenger was there.

Oh agony! we saw how on
Our baby's brow he laid his hand.
It snapped the little life's frail strand,
And then the Messenger was gone.

We clasped the empty casket now,
We wildly kissed the precious clay,
And wiped the scalding tears away,
That fell upon the pure white brow.

Since then have passed, ah many years,
But often do I think of her
And that expected Messenger,
With bitter tears! such bitter tears!

THE LETTERS IN GERMAN TEXT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Agnes Kirtley sat by the sea-side, with her graceful head bent over a volume, endeavoring to read, but the book of Nature lay open at too glorious a page for her attempt to be successful. The sun as it sank into the ocean lighted up sea and sky with that mellow, golden, rosy light that only comes at sunset. Its last shimmering beams glinted upon huge masses of scraggy rock from which this strip of coast obtained its name of "Rocky Beach," and glancing onward formed a halo about the head of Agnes, turning her golden hair into a regal diadem, that was no incongruous ornament with her delicately chiseled features and highbred air.

"You are very fascinating, Tennyson," soliloquised the young lady as she closed the volume in her hand, "but one can read poetry at any time, and one cannot be sure of a repetition of this glorious sunset." And the lady arose from her seat, where nature's hand had constructed an elfish looking bower from the material so lavishly strewn around—the bluish rocks—and applied herself to drinking in the scene from every point of view.

An imaginative person might have taken Agnes Kirtley as she thus stood *for* some sea nymph, taking a farewell of earth ere she sank into her native element, so etherealized was her loveliness by the shimmering light that fell upon her, and by the gauzy summer robe she wore. But she was most assuredly a real maiden of flesh and blood, and moreover the only child of Mr. William Kirtley, who resided at the magnificent estate of "Bluff House"—a property that took in many miles of sea-coast, and running inland included long reaches of farming land and fine old forests. Mr. Kirtley was the wealthiest as well as the most popular man in the whole county.

Agnes having finished her long survey, turned to go home, but her steps were arrested by the sound of a rapidly approaching horse. It was an unusual thing at all times for any one to ride along that path, it being very rough, and at high tide dangerous, but at this hour, and coming at such a furious gait, it was most of all remarkable. Agnes waited until the rider, whoever he might be, should make his appearance. The wild, quick tramp sounded louder and nearer, and presently came into view—not the reckless horseman that the young girl expected to see, but—a horse without a rider! A foaming, galloping steed that was almost out of sight before Agnes could collect herself sufficiently even to wonder what had been its rider's fate; then the blood curdled in her veins as the thought came that he had most probably been dashed among the rocks or carried away by the tide. All breathless and panting she started home, taking mechanically the way that led through the village.

Meantime the horse kept on his way.

"God save us a'," exclaimed the postmistress as he came tearing down the village street. "God save us a', man, Jacob, what's up now?"

"What's fashin' the woman now?" grunted her goodman, as he very leisurely came forward with the shoe he was making in his hand, to see what ailed his fancy wife; but when Jacob saw the cause, he was no less flushed than the weaker vessel, and lost no time in sallying forth to join the crowd that had collected by the blacksmith's shop where the strong arm of the smith had stopped, and now held the runaway horse. Women joined the crowd, and conjecture was at its height when Miss Kirtley reached the village. John Brown was giving the horse a critical examination as he stood covered with foam and trembling in every well-knit joint. The villagers fell back respectfully as the young lady from "the House" approached.

"Where did he come from, do you think, John? Do you know the horse?" she asked of the smith, who was a wise man in his way, and had a large circle of acquaintance among the equine race, being the only blacksmith within a range of many miles.

"Never set my two eyes on him afore, Miss Agnes; he don't belong in these parts, but it's a noble hanimal, he is, and I'll stake my life his owner's a gentleman, livin' or dead."

Living or dead! how like a knell the words fell upon Agnes's full heart.

"Is there any name upon his trappings, any distinguishing mark?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Nothin', ma'am, except these heathenish looking marks in the corner of the saddle cloth be meant for a name."

Agnes came nearer and found embroidered there in German text the initials—D. E. L. They were beautifully executed, and each graceful hair stroke and heavy line seemed to stamp itself upon her brain; she felt faint and giddy, but rallying herself with an effort, said,

"Of course you will search for the rider?"

"Surely, ma'am, we'll do our best to find him," was John Brown's ready answer; "if maybap he's not in the sea; but that's like enough I'm thinkin'."

Agnes started for Bluff House, which lay but a little way from the village, although it seemed now a distance of miles to the young girl, who traversed it so breathlessly.

Bluff House was worthy of its elevated situation, commanding a view of all the adjacent country. It had no claims to antiquity; there was not a sign of moat or battlement, but it was a magnificent modern dwelling—a house to live in, not a castle full of romance, rats and asthma. The grounds about it were no less beautiful and tasteful than the dwelling itself.

The owner of the mansion sat on the wide piazza in full enjoyment of a cigar and the London paper of the day before, but at his daughter's approach Mr. Kirtley threw down both paper and cigar and came forward to meet her, for Agnes Kirtley reigned queen in Bluff House, and no one was so ready to do homage as her doting father.

"Why, what ails you, darling?" asked her father, as he marked her disordered appearance, and the unnatural pallor of her face.

"Oh, papa! What can you do? It was a horse without a rider, and the name was D. E. L." And as Agnes finished her incoherent reply she fainted in her father's arms. Mr. Kirtley, almost beside himself with fright, carried his daughter to her room, and with the assistance of her no less frightened maid, used every imaginable restoratives, until Agnes returned to consciousness; then his great anxiety naturally was to know the cause of all this agitation, and Agnes full of impatience to have her father at work was not long in pouring forth her tale. Mr. Kirtley's astonishment when he had heard his daughter's tale was scarcely less than her own, and he went at once to make arrangements for a thorough and extended search, in case the villagers had not already found the lost individual, first of all however despatching a messenger for the doctor, for he was seriously alarmed at his daughter's condition; she seemed unable for a moment to drive the scene she had witnessed from her thoughts.

"Agnes, my love, here is Dr. Church," said Mr. Kirtley, as he entered her room an hour later.

"Dr. Church! Why, papa, you surely did not send for the doctor; there is nothing the matter with me!"

"And so I may infer that you do not want me?" said the cheery voice of the good old doctor, as he followed Mr. Kirtley into the room. "We'll see what is the matter; when a young lady goes into fainting fits about runaway horses, she manifests a degree of sentimentalism scarcely wholesome. Either she doesn't eat roast beef enough, or she reads too many French novels." The old family physician was privileged. Agnes would as soon have thought of quarrelling with her father as with him.

"Indeed I do not read French novels, and my appetite is a most unromantic one, papa will tell you; but, doctor, I am very sorry he sent for you to give you a long ride this dark night."

"My child, I was so anxious about you that I could not rest; even now you look very pale and weak."

"She looks even more interesting than ever," said the doctor. "But do not concern yourself about my long ride home, for I mean to post myself upon you to-night."

"Oh, yes," Agnes answered, her thoughts at once recurring to the all-absorbing topic, "you will have to stay to give him attendance. Papa, have you heard anything?"

"Come, come," said the doctor, trying to be cross, "no more worrying about suppositious 'hims,' go to sleep like a good child, and when you awake in the morning, ten chances to one, things will be right side up once more."

The doctor administered an opiate, and directed Miss Kirtley's maid to watch by her until she went to sleep, and only answered to Mr. Kirtley's anxious inquiries—"Nervous system received a shock—be all right in the morning."

"She never before gave any evidence of possessing a nervous system; I did not dream that Agnes was capable of fainting."

"Oh, no matter how strong and healthy women seem to be, they are sure to manifest the superior delicacy of their organization one time or another," was the doctor's philosophical reply. "But about this horse, Kirtley—it is very strange—never heard of such a thing—magnificent animal like that—beautiful trappings too—to all at once make his appearance in a quiet neighborhood without a rider! Why, there is something inexplicable—something uncanny about it. Suppose we ride down to the beach and see what the men are doing."

As the two gentlemen approached the group of men who, with "lanterns dimly burning," were searching along the bridle path, they stopped to inquire whether any trace of the lost one could be discerned.

"Not a sign," answered John Brown, "and I'm beginnin' to think the last trace of the poor fellow is in the ocean."

"And I'm thinkin'," said another, "that the ocean's had nothing to do with it; it's not like the man would be drowned and the horse escape: it's my belief there's been foul play."

"Foul play, Jacob! Why there is no one in this neighborhood that would be capable of such a deed!" exclaimed Mr. Kirtley, perfectly aghast.

"Well, I'll not dispute your word, sir; but there's been them seen around here lately that would be none too good for an ill deed; there's been a down-lookin' set of men prowlin' about, and they *do* say they're smugglers."

"Pooh! pooh! Jacob; you must not be so ready to believe harm of your fellow men. Smugglers are not such terribly bad fellows after all: you and I, doctor," he added in a lower tone, "can remember the time when their wines and brandies held a place upon the most aristocratic tables, and every one enjoyed them more for not having passed through the custom-house."

Mr. Kirtley thought it best to give up the search until the following day; so the men dispersed, and the two gentlemen rode home, discussing as they went this all-absorbing theme.

"What do you think of Jacob's suggestion of foul play?" asked the doctor.

"I scarcely know what to think; what class of people is so given to far-fetched beliefs and to dealing in the marvelous; and yet there may be some foundation for his suspicions. I have heard before of these reputed smugglers, and think it will be well enough, if they are about to-morrow, to have them examined before a magistrate. It would be rather difficult to make out an indictment—making away with a person unknown and unheard of—rather awkward."

However, the indictment was not needed, as the suspected individuals were not again seen in the county.

On the day following, and for many successive days, the search was continued; Agnes frequently coming down to the beach and by her presence infusing new vigor into the work; but all their efforts were unavailing. Advertisements were inserted in the local newspapers, and finally—no owner appearing—it was deemed most expedient to sell the horse and give the proceeds to the poor. Mr. Kirtley wished to buy him for Agnes, but despite her overweening love for horses, she demurred.

"I can never cease to associate him with terrible scenes, and besides, papa, I could not feel as though he really belonged to me, even though we cannot find his owner."

"I think you had better take him, Agnes; you will scarcely meet with another as perfect; if his owner ever does appear, you can restore him."

So it was settled, and Agnes became the possessor of the mysterious steed.

"There's a girl downstairs who would like to speak with you, Miss Agnes," said Annette, Miss Kirtley's maid, as she entered her mistress' room, a few weeks after the appearance of the horse.

"What sort of a girl, Annette?"

"Why, ma'am, she's a nice-looking body, but she's poor people," answered the discriminating Annette.

Nice, poor people were Agnes's delight, so she sent for the girl to come up to her room. A very nice, tidy-looking girl she was, Agnes noticed, while she was making her curtsey, the unfailing ceremonial of the poor English woman. Having, at Agnes's repeated request, seated herself—upon about two inches of chair—she proceeded modestly to state her business.

"I'm Lucy Corthouse, ma'am, and we live down at Rocky Beach."

"Oh, yes," Miss Kirtley interrupted; "you are old Mrs. Corthouse's granddaughter. I have often heard how you support her, and make her old age comfortable."

"It would be a shame in me not to do for the grandmother that brought me up; but I called, Miss Kirtley, to bring you something I found, that I thought you might like to have," and she took from under her shawl a handkerchief, soiled and discolored with mildew, but of the finest linen cambric.

Agnes started as she saw it, with the initials D. E. L. embroidered in German letters upon it. A choking sensation came over the young girl as she gazed upon this relic, and thought of the loving hands that might have traced the name, but she resolutely restrained her emotion, and inquired where it had been found. Lucy's answer was, that when going for the cows the day before, she had noticed something white fluttering in the wind, just by Dick Hurdle's cave, which upon examination proved to be this handkerchief caught among the jagged edges of the rocks.

Agnes knew the vicinity perfectly, and was acquainted with Dick Hurdle's cave. Tradition said, the man for whom it was named had been a great pirate, and made this cave his head-quarters, and the depository of all his treasure; tradition however failed to assign any particular era for his exploits, and very practical people were inclined to look upon the whole story as a romantic fabrication. It was known that this cave had been the resort of smugglers at a later date, and it seemed to Agnes that this handkerchief *must* throw some light upon the recent mystery. How she wished that it could speak! But as she sat, dreaming over it, her visitor arose to go.

"You will not mind taking this from me," Miss Kirtley said, slipping a sovereign into her hand, adding, as she noted her reluctance, "to buy a cap and gown for your grandmother."

Mr. Kirtley was not moved as Agnes had expected, by her story of the handkerchief.

"We have done our utmost already, my child, and the result has been—nothing. I cannot have it all raked up again; and my darling's cheeks, that are only now resuming their rosiness, again made pale with suspense and anxiety; but to satisfy you, I will go with one or two of my own men and examine this cave, and then I shall prove to you that it is inhabited by no Giant Despair, feeding and fattening upon the bones of peaceful travellers."

Mr. Kirtley did examine Dick Hurdle's cave, but, like all his other efforts in this cause, it was unavailing; and tired out with suspense, he resolved to give up thinking about the affair as much as possible; and in order to divert his daughter's mind, invited a great deal of company to Bluff House.

"Here is a letter from London, Agnes," said her father, as he looked over the mail-bag at breakfast. "What is going on there?"

Agnes gave a hasty glance over the letter, and answered,

"It is from Cousin Theodora, papa. I will read it aloud."

"Only think," she writes, "that you have been enjoying the country—the birds, flowers, fruits, and everything else delightful and rural, for a whole month, while we poor unfortunates have been penned up in this horrible, detestable London! I can imagine you roaming about in that beautiful park at Bluff House, or occupying one of those delicious garden arbors, 'for youthful lovers made,' with a book in hand, perhaps, (which you do not dream of reading,) only wishing for some sympathizing friend, to remark 'how sweet is solitude!' (I believe I have borrowed my last remark from Madame de Staël, but if she had not forestalled me, it would have been original.) Then the most delightful thing of all is, that you are mistress there, although you, in your Arcadian simplicity, do not appreciate the blessing. *I do* to such an extent that I have had serious notions of eloping with James, the coachman, so that I may have an establishment of my own; but alas for my cherished plans, that obtuse individual is in love with my maid, thereby showing a marked preference for beauty rather than blood. Well, upon the whole, I believe I'll leave the matrimonial manoeuvres to mamma, as her talent in that line is equal to any demand.

"But I have not yet given you our family picture. You know how hot, and dusty, and glaring London is at this season; I think there is some quality in that immense drawing-room of ours, that enables it to absorb a whole street full of these pleasant attributes at once. There in the midst of it all sit we three, (graces) employed according to our diverse tastes. Mamma writing, planning, calculating; always full of business. I do not think the entire city of London could furnish a woman who works more incessantly than my respected mother. My sister Euphrosyne has given up her whole soul to the interesting pursuit of potichimania. Has that divine art reached your primitive retirement? I hope, for your happiness, it never may. The remaining member of the family feminine—your loving cousin Theodora, spends her time in a variety of useful employments, that never arrive at anything. I practice a little; take an Italian lesson now and then; read a great many novels, and devote the odd moments to remarking, 'how intensely hot it is!' in the midst of which noble and edifying remark, papa frequently enters and gravely tells us the exact state of the thermometer. He is very apt, of late, to bring with him, Lord Mabury, a nobleman, who cannot be said to be dazzlingly brilliant in appearance or conversation, but who possesses the substantial and enduring charms of a great fortune and a beautiful country-seat known as 'Mabury Castle,' and dating from before the Conquest, all of which combine to render the gentleman irresistible, and you may imagine the empressement and the cordial welcome with which mamma receives him.

"But, dear Agnes, the sole object of my letter was to tell you that mamma has consented to let Euphrosyne and me come down to Bluff House. I'll try and induce Euph to leave the potichimania at home."

So with "loves" and "kisses" innumerable closed Theodora's letter.

"How exactly like Theodora; good-hearted little rattlebrain that she is!" said Mr. Kirtley, "but what has my good sister-in-law to say?"

"Why, papa, Aunt Elinor sends you the strangest message in the world. She actually wishes you to invite Lord Mabury here—says he is so in love with Theodora that it would be cruel not to give him the pleasure of being with her, when it is so easy. The rest of the letter is full of Lord Mabury's perfections."

"They are lately acquired perfections; why the man is shallow beyond expression. I knew him very well when I was a young man, for he is a very few years younger than myself; but I have seen little of him of late. I will not be a marplot to your aunt's considerate scheme, but will send the invitation forthwith."

Before the arrival of any other guests at Bluff House, came Agnes's Aunt Rachel, Mr. Kirtley's only sister, to assist Agnes in her arduous duties as mistress of the house; but if Aunt Rachel ever *assisted*, under any circumstances, it must have been by the mere force of her highbred presence, for no duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain could have been more incapable of exertion.

In due time arrived the London party.—Young ladies, ladies' maids, lap-dogs, and potichimania, with Lord Mabury in attendance. Theodora confided to Agnes before she had been two days in the house that Lord Mabury had availed himself of an auspicious moment, while Euphrosyne was asleep in the railway carriage, and proposed.

"And did you accept him?" asked Agnes, in a tone by no means complimentary to his lordship.

"Accept him! to be sure I did! why, Agnes, there's not one girl in a hundred strong-minded enough to have refused him, despite his woodenheadedness; and only think how furious mamma would have been, after having laid siege to him all winter. Of course I am not *in love* with him, but then I never was romantic. You can afford to be, situated as you are, but I am one of a large family, and I must confess that Mabury Castle and the thought of being Lady Mabury, weighed considerably more than his lordship's personal charms. Now do not look so grave, Agnes, or I shall regret having been so candid with you."

Agnes did look grave, for she was greatly distressed at the thought of Theodora's matrimonial speculation; for she could look upon it in no other light. She tried the effect of an appeal to her cousin's conscientiousness.

"Do you think, Theodora, that you are doing right by Lord Mabury, in marrying him from such motives?"

"My dear little Quixotic cousin," laughed Theodora, "Lord Mabury's capacity is limited; he could not possibly understand anything so 'hifalutin' as disinterested affection; besides all that went out with knight-errantry and the troubadours! you should have lived then, Agnes, and married a Bayard. But seriously, I think Lord Mabury is getting a wife quite good enough for him, now don't you?"

"Indeed, I think she is a great deal too good for him," was the hearty response.

"But only think, Agnes, what it will be to have a husband who dyes his hair and whiskers! I know he does, but he might wear a wig, and that would be worse," added the giddy girl.

Agnes wondered that any one could be so gay with such a fate in perspective; but Theodora's spirits never flagged, and her cousin at last concluded that it did not seem so dreadful; and she hoped that higher views of duty might come by-and-by, and make Theodora a good, if she could not be a loving wife.

Agnes found that Lord Mabury did not improve upon acquaintance. He seemed devoted to Theodora, though their characters were the most opposite imaginable. Lord Mabury in fact had no character; he was good natured, a good shot, and rode well; and this was all that could be said of the man to whom Theodora Kirtley had resolved to devote her future.

For several weeks Bluff House was filled with guests, for Mr. Kirtley had hosts of friends, and was the most hospitable of entertainers; but as the autumn months went by the ranks thinned, and at Christmas time no one but their own immediate family was left to keep that festival.

"Agnes," said her father one day as they were gathered around the drawing-room fire, "don't you think it is getting very lonesome here? wouldn't you like to go back to London next week?"

Agnes never "[illegible]" to return to London, so she put in one plea for [illegible] Bluff House.

"I thought, papa, that we had lost a great deal of money, and that we [illegible] spend this season here in economy."

"What, not go to town at all? [illegible]! Why this is to be the [illegible] winter of your life, when you [illegible] society in full radiance. Rachel, you will be good enough to take a few lessons from my sister-in-law in the art of husband hunting; who knows but we may find another Lord Mabury for Agnes."

"Never, papa! he is a unique specimen, and you know I would not leave you for any husband in England. But how is it about the money? haven't you lost a great deal?"

"Never bother your little head about money matters; I can support your extravagance for [illegible] time longer. The loss of a few thousand pounds will not break me."

"I wonder that you have anything to do with business, papa," said Agnes, meditatively. "I should think we were rich enough."

"Once I get fairly out of it, little Solomon, I promise you I shall never again embark in business."

So the Kirtleys went up to London, and silence reigned in the deserted chambers of Bluff House, which had so lately had resounded with gayety. Agnes was to "come out," and to be so gay. Aunt Rachel was almost worn out with her mighty exertions in the shopping line, with driving about on the numerous expeditions, in which were procured the weapons (in the shape of dress and jewelry) with which the young lady armed herself to go forth conquering and to conquer.

Aunt Elinor, who had arranged her own immediate matrimonial speculations—or rather her daughter's—positively envied the aunt who was to introduce this beautiful young girl into society; but in truth the former lady found sufficient employment in controlling Theodora, who, with her wild flights and fancies, kept her devoted lover at the utmost strain, physically and mentally. Feeling that her days of girlish freedom were fast going by, Theodora made the most of them, and was so capricious and exacting with Lord Mabury, that the poor man almost made up his mind that matrimonial happiness was a hard earned blessing.

From the mere fact of being sole heiress to her father's immense wealth, Agnes would have been courted and flattered; but when to this was added beauty, intelligence, and high birth, it was little wonder that her intercourse with society was a career of conquest. Only her perfect simplicity of character prevented her from being spoiled, but such a preservative was this, that she only thought how very kind every one was to make so much of her, without ever thinking of the *claims* of Miss Agnes Kirtley to all this homage.

Her love for her father was so true and so all-pervading, that nothing could come between them. Mr. Kirtley watched her anxiously, and, it must be confessed, a little jealously at first, but to his delight, and Aunt Elinor's unceasing wonder, Agnes remained heart whole, and threw away splendid opportunities of "establishing herself in life."

It was a peculiarity of these Kirtley brothers to love to submit to feminine rule. Judge Kirtley, Mrs. Elinor's husband, though a very prominent man, elsewhere, was perfectly satisfied to commit all domestic management to the very competent hands of his wife; while his brother William, during the few short years that his wife had been spared to him, was her devoted slave, and now lived but for Agnes. There was yet another brother, however, much older than either of these, who had never put himself in the way of being guided by these silken reins. Mr. George Kirtley cherished no love for "the sex," and had never married. He was a soured, morose old man,—like his brothers, very wealthy, and not likely to become poor through extravagance or liberality. He did not often visit his brothers, but was rather disposed to like Agnes, and had even gone so far as to say, that "if it were not for the influence of silly friends and society, she might make a sensible woman," which was a more flattering speech than Mr. George Kirtley had ever been known to make of any woman.

The season was almost over, and Agnes's thoughts were beginning to turn often and longingly to the country; in truth, she was getting tired of this endless round of gayety; there was nothing satisfying in it; she felt that she was made for something better, and when the charm of novelty wore off, its fascination, for Agnes, was gone. In the early part of the season her father went out with her constantly, but of late was apt to send apologies, always telling Agnes that he had no time for dissipation, though he would not permit her to stay at home.

Agnes could not help noticing that he was often low-spirited, and held long conferences with his lawyer; all of which she wove together into a chain of circumstantial evidence, and decided that her father's financial affairs gave him more trouble than he was willing to acknowledge. But his answer to all her questions was, "it will all come right after awhile; don't bother your little head about it." Agnes wondered what her little head was good for, if it could not bear a little trouble; but she did not press her father, feeling sure that in due time she would know all; and as it proved, she had not long to wait.

"Agnes, child," remarked Aunt Rachel, as they were breakfasting together, "I think your father must be under demoniacal influence. He paced his room all night, thereby preventing me from sleeping, as his tread, tread, tread, sounded directly over my head. Can you imagine any sane man walking up and down all night, when he has a bed to sleep in?"

"Not if he can sleep in it," said Agnes, much alarmed.

"Has my father left his room, John?" she asked the servant.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; he's been writing in the library for more than an hour."

There Agnes sought him, and entering noiselessly, found him seated by a table that was covered with papers—his head buried in his hands, and his whole attitude indicative of the deepest despondency. Agnes had never seen her father look like that.

"What is it, papa? Do tell me what is the matter?" she cried, coming to his side.

As his daughter's voice fell upon his ear, Mr. Kirtley tried to rouse himself, and even to smile, but the attempt was ghastly, and he gave it up.

"The matter is, my darling," he answered, as he stroked her golden hair, "that I have lost everything I have in the world, and brought the daughter I love more than life, to poverty." The despondent look became one of anguish as he spoke.

"If that is all, papa, you need not look so wretched; I shall not mind poverty, so long as I have you, my dear, dear father," said his daughter, lovingly.

"Not mind poverty! That is because you know not what it is, my child. Poverty is the evil that includes all others—loss of friends, loss of standing in the world. Oh, Agnes! you will find what it is to be poor!"

"Well; the poor people that I have known have always been quite as happy as the rich ones; and I am sure I will not regret the loss of all the friends who are driven away by our change of circumstances. As for standing in society, papa, it must be a very vulgar kind of standing that depends upon mere wealth. As if a gentleman would not always be a gentleman, rich or poor!" Agnes looked proud enough to maintain the respectability of all the reduced families in England as she said it. She found it hard to bring her father to take anything like a bright view of their altered fortunes, but she did not cease trying.

"Now, if we have to work, papa, you will have an opportunity of finding out what a manager I am. You have no idea of how much I am worth."

"You are worth all the sunshine in the world," said Mr. Kirtley, cheered, in spite of himself, by his daughter's brightness. And he told his daughter all about his losses, feeling quite sure that business matters were quite within her comprehension. It was the old story of rash speculation and dishonest partners, who had never possessed the capital they represented; and Mr. Kirtley had become so completely involved, as to be obliged to sell all his property.

"Bluff House must go, of course," said Agnes.

"Yes, dear; but your Uncle George has very generously offered to buy the place, and that will not be so bad as having it pass into the hands of strangers."

Agnes thought within herself that her selfish, reserved Uncle George was far removed from a stranger, but was delighted that her father found comfort in anything.

This trial that had come upon them seemed to develope Agnes's character, and call forth new energies; she did begin—as she had told her *father*—to show what she was worth. Aunt Rachel could not sufficiently wonder at and admire her. Indolent people always do admire energy, if it does not interfere in any way with their own ease and comfort.

As Mr. Kirtley had predicted, their circle of friends thinned somewhat, but as the valued ones remained true, Agnes did not give a single regret to the deserters; indeed, she told her father that she was glad to have an infallible test to prove them with; and such she found their poverty to be. Now that the long suspense was over, even though the alternations of hope and despair had given place to ruin, Mr. Kirtley seemed more comfortable; particularly as he found how little Agnes's happiness was affected.

There was room for action in the present state of affairs, and Mr. Kirtley brought his energies into play.

"Papa, I am really glad to see you leave those ponderous account-books for a little while," said Agnes, as her father entered her sitting room; "you have been bending over them from morning until night like a banker's clerk."

"I may have to be that yet, Agnes; but I have come for a more interesting volume than the ledger this morning. Get me that work on Australia that you urged me to read a month ago."

Agnes went into the library, and returned in a moment with the book.

"I am so glad you are going to read it, papa. I am sure you will be fascinated with Australia. I was. I would have been willing to start there at once, if—as Theodora says—I could have procured 'a pantalooned accompaniment;' but you were so perverse, papa, that I could not kindle one spark of enthusiasm in you."

"I was too well pleased with England then to care for the Antipodes," said Mr. Kirtley, sighing; "but is your mania for emigration still in force?"

"Yes, indeed! I would start to-morrow. But why do you ask all this, papa? You are surely not dreaming of going to Australia?"

"I did not mean to tell you anything about it, Agnes; but you have fairly entrapped me—and having made you suspicious, I may as well tell you all about it. I was offered, to-day, a lucrative Government post in Australia, but refused at once, on your account. It does not much matter what becomes of me—but I will never take you, my darling, out of the reach of civilization."

"Oh, papa! If you had only accepted it! Nothing could give me greater delight. Is the offer still open?"

"Yes; for one week; but it makes no difference; my mind is made up. You do not properly consider all that would be involved in such a step. It looks very fair, as we view it from an English stand-point, but you may depend, my dear, colonial life is attended by more deprivations, than you have ever imagined. It will be no light thing to give up home and friends. Look at it stripped of all romance, Agnes."

"But, papa, I do not think it desirable to tear away the romance of life so long as it conduces to our happiness. A perfectly prosaic life would not be worth the endurance; now would it? As for leaving home, Bluff House is home, and we must leave that at anyrate; and as for leaving our friends, that will be a serious matter—but we will hope to return to them in a few years, as rich as ever in money and a thousand times richer in experience. Then you can spend the rest of your life in relating tales of your wonderful adventures to groups of admiring and wondering auditors, in the drawing-room at Bluff House. Now will not all that be fine?"

"Very fine to talk about, my child; if your eloquence was as effective on every one as it is upon your old father, you might build up our shattered fortunes by lecturing—it seems to be quite the thing nowadays—but understand, Agnes; I do not mean to yield in this matter without mature consideration; we will take the week to decide in."

At the end of the given week, Agnes remained unshaken; and her father, as usual, became a convert to her opinion. Mr. Kirtley accepted the invitation, and was to leave England within a month.

Intense was the surprise of all their friends when they were apprised of this decision. Aunt Rachel, especially, was horrified.

"Only think of the length of the voyage, and the poor accommodations—and [illegible] landing among those heathens and convicts! [illegible] is up, Agnes—[illegible] come and live with me; my fortune is ample, and I [illegible] your father to make any use of it. You [illegible] able to get good servants there, and there would be no limit to your inconveniences; now give up going, and let your father go alone; men are better fitted for bearing hardships than women."

Agnes felt strongly inclined to dispute the last remark, [illegible] doubting whether men were better able to endure anything than women. She was shocked at the thought of a separation from her father, and with a deep sense of her aunt's kindness, refused it decidedly; whereat, Aunt Rachel was rendered so desperate as to offer to accompany them. When the utter impracticability of this plan was proved to her, Miss Rachel—by way of alleviating her distress—devoted herself to getting up a wardrobe for her niece, which Agnes declared would last for ten years at least, and which cost this estimable lady more exertion than anyone deemed her capable of making. Miss Rachel declared that if her niece would persist in going out among savages, she should at least be dressed like a Christian.

"I do not wish you to adopt the native costume, Agnes," she said, "as you may expect me to keep you supplied with clothing."

Good old lady! She never imagined that the native costume of Australia was simply no costume at all.

"Will Annette go with you?" inquired Mr. Kirtley; "for if she will not, it is time to supply her place."

"She is anxious to go, papa—but I cannot think of taking her; she is entirely too fastidious; and besides, I mean to be my own waiting-maid, and begin our new life upon independent principles. Aunt Elinor is going to get me a stout, healthy maid of all work. Her strong arms will be of more use than Annette's elegant accomplishments."

"Well, my child, do as you please; but do not push economy too far, for my salary is a very good one—and I hope to have something left from the sale of my property."

Judge Kirtley and his wife insisted that their brother and niece should spend their last fortnight in England with them; and they, feeling fully how long their separation from kith and kin must last, readily consented.

Those last weeks at Judge Kirtley's, were very busy, as well as very happy ones.

Aunt Elinor thought of so many necessaries that had been forgotten, that she kept the family in a perpetual whirl preparing for their future comfort; yet Agnes had never made so pleasant a visit at her uncle's house.

The two brothers had not seen as much of each other or held as unreserved intercourse since their boyhood; and it was good to hear these grayhaired "old boys" relating stories of their school days, or laughing over some college exploit. Indeed the good points of the whole family seemed more than ever predominant. Mr. Thackery would say, that every closet containing a household skeleton was kept closely locked and barred.

Aunt Elinor's kindness was unceasing. In addition to her active labors for their comfort, she gave Agnes plenty of good advice; above all things warning her against marrying in Australia.

"You may fall in love, and make some romantic match," she said, "that will not seem so unsuitable there—where I am told social distinctions are quite lost sight of—and not seeing much good society, you will have no opportunity for comparison, which after all is the only way to judge of people. But, my dear, never look upon Australia as your home. When your father's term of office expires, you will both, I think, be satisfied to give up colonial life; and then, Agnes, you will not be twenty-three."

Agnes assured her aunt that she need not fear her marrying any one of whom she (Aunt Elinor) could for one instant feel ashamed.

"Well, my dear, all I have to say is—aim high. There is nothing that so insures success, as my own history proves. I was the youngest of three sisters; we were not wealthy, but possessed standing in society, and went out constantly. My two sisters—beautiful girls—were early engaged to be married. How perfectly I remember how, one night, when we were returning from a ball, my father, who loved to teaze us, in addressing a remark to one of my sisters, called them by the names they were going to receive, Mrs. C. and Mrs. J., and then turning to me, mischievously inquiring,

"'What shall I call my little Elinor? Mrs. What?'

"'I rather think, papa, that it will be Mrs. Kirtley,' I answered.

"I had met your father and his two brothers for the first time that night.

"'And, pray, may I ask, whether you have decided upon any particular one of the three?'

"'Yes, papa! the youngest brother, I believe, is already engaged—and the eldest is too glum looking to suit me; I rather think I'll have the Judge; I have always had a fancy for being Mrs. Judge Something.'

"You should have heard them laugh, for 'the young judge' was looked upon as a splendid match. He was courted on every hand, and so my father and sisters thought my presumption simply amusing; but they found out what a strong will could accomplish, for before a year I was Mrs. Judge Kirtley."

Agnes, much amused, tried to imagine her aunt making a "dead set" at her future husband, but when she thought of his yielding disposition, and the powerful battery that Mrs. Elinor must have brought into play, she could not wonder at its success.

"Agnes," Theodora implored her, "do not go off to join the convicts. Give it up altogether, or at least wait until after I am married, and see 'her ladyship.' You have no idea how I shall grace the position. I think I will be married in white moire, flounced with Irish point. But, Agnes, do you know I am really getting to like Lord Mabury? He is so kind to me that I cannot help it; and then, if he is not so very brilliant, it is a great deal better to be good-natured. I never could get along with a man who *would* be master, and I think superior people detestable."

Getting to like! Agnes thought it rather hopeful in Theodora to be even getting to like a man so utterly uninteresting.

Euphrosyne, too, was quite worked up at the prospect of so soon losing her cousin, and made her, for a parting gift, a pair of magnificent potichimanie vases, some two feet and a half high, which placed Agnes in almost as sore a state of perplexity as the poor citizen of Bagdad when he came into possession of an elephant.

Mr. Kirtley suggested the propriety—in case the [illegible] [illegible] such gifts—of freighting another vessel with them.

In the midst of [illegible] engagements, Mr. Kirtley and Agnes managed to spare a day to go down and say farewell to Bluff House.

Mr. George Kirtley, with more delicacy of feeling than people gave him credit for, had left everything there unchanged, declining to take possession until his brother had left England.

Agnes found a sad pleasure in wandering through the house and grounds in which the happiest days of her happy, peaceful life had been spent, and thinking that it was *for the last* time; but the brave-hearted girl bore up wonderfully, and all the more as she saw the sadness of her father's face. Mr. Kirtley's thoughts had flown back through all the intervening years to the day when he brought home his bonnie bride to Bluff House. It seemed to him but yesterday, and yet here was a daughter grown to womanhood, in proof of the number of these swift-spent years. The short, sweet years of his wedded life, the dream of misery that followed, and the awakening to a consciousness of the duty he owed to his little daughter, for the discharge of which he had been so well repaid then and ever since, passed through his mind in quick succession. At that last thought the father's reverie brightened, and feeling that it was ungrateful to repine at any sorrow while Heaven left him such a treasure, Mr. Kirtley summoned back his usual cheerful serenity, and proposed to Agnes to walk down to the beach.

The sight of Rocky Beach never failed to recall to Agnes's mind the one tragical event that had interrupted the peaceful current of her life. Here, on the spot, the father and daughter once more discussed the subject in all its bearings, and concluded that it would probably ever remain a mystery who was that D. H. L. who had never reached his destination.

The day before Mr. Kirtley and Agnes were to leave London, Mr. George Kirtley came to say good-bye. He had put off the doing so so late, that his brother and niece almost feared that he would not come at all. It was one of this gentleman's numerous eccentricities to hold very little intercourse with his relatives, probably to prevent them from cherishing ungrounded expectations; but it was a needless precaution, for in spite of the millionaires who are constantly bequeathing their wealth to tract societies and hospitals, we always cherish a lingering, secret belief that our bachelor uncle will literally let his charity begin at home, and leave all his possessions to his dutiful nieces and nephews. Nothing can check his conviction, until, gathered in solemn conclave to hear the "last will and testament" of the "dear departed," it is blasted suddenly, and the relative whom all our lives long we have treated with the utmost deference and affection, becomes to us a perfect swindler.

There was such an entire absence of anything like mercenary views in Agnes, that so far from building upon her Uncle George's fortune, she had never even thought until lately whether he was rich or poor. Now she knew, from his having purchased Bluff House, that he must be wealthy; but completely isolated as were all his interests from those of his family, she never connected the thought of his wealth with any benefit to be derived therefrom. She simply pitied him for being a miserable, forlorn old man, and treated him kindly. The old gentleman seemed more affectionate than usual, Agnes thought, but when, at parting, he put into her hands a little package, telling her that it was a legacy for her, and must not be opened until after his death, Agnes was dumbfounded. The idea of getting a present from Uncle George was almost ludicrous. Agnes did remember his once giving her, when she was an infant of tender years, a doll; and she likewise remembered the remark of her nurse—a remark not understood at the time, but recurring to her mind laughingly now, that "she shouldn't wonder if Mr. George would die of a enlargement of the heart afore mornin', seeing he must a stretched his awful hard."

Agnes removed numerous strings and papers, and found within them a little old leather trunk, such as our grandfathers used to keep their knee-buckles in. It was carefully locked and sealed. Not the most careful application of feminine eyes could make out aught of its contents. It felt light, and Agnes supposed, doubtless contained some old piece of family jewelry, or something valuable only as a relic. She did not even think of mentioning the incident to her father—full of business and bustle—as he was on the eve of his departure.

A goodly company of friends went with them to the ship, and there spoke their farewells, tearful or merry, according to their several characters.

But when all the parting words were spoken, and the shores of England began to grow misty and undefined in the lengthening distance and the approaching night, the travellers began to feel with a more realizing sense all that they had undertaken. What with home-sickness and heart-sickness—to say nothing of sea-sickness, that most unromantic of all diseases—they felt gloomy enough. But once over these first wretched days of discomfort, they recovered health and spirits very fast, and were able to glean amusement from all that was going on in their little floating world. The vessel was a very comfortable one, well officered, well manned, and altogether well managed, so that the Kirtleys esteemed themselves quite fortunate, and could not but wonder at the constant grumbling of the English passengers. At the bill of fare, at the sleeping accommodations, at the number of children on board—in fact nothing became amiss as a subject for calling forth this charming English trait. It was their their national prerogative, and they exercised it fully.

The better class, that is the higher class, of those on board, Agnes did not much admire. She found infinitely more pleasure in conversing with the poor emigrants, who with large families and the most uncertain prospects, were going to tempt fate in that far away land. She loved to talk to the little, rosy-cheeked children; to hear their artless tales of the homes they had left, and their equally artless questions concerning the one to which they were bound. Agnes quite won the parents' hearts by these attentions to their little ones, and the unfailing cheerfulness and good humor with which she bore all the discomforts of the voyage, made her a favorite on every hand.

There was a bilious-looking clergyman on board, going out as chaplain to a convict settlement, who made up his mind that Miss Kirtley's [illegible] qualities marvellously well suited to a minister's wife, and with that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] young lady [illegible] becoming the wife of the Rev. Ephriam Butternut. But, alas for the Rev. Ephriam's [illegible], these flattering proposals were rejected! This offered honor distinctly and decidedly refused! The Rev. Ephriam grew more bilious-looking than ever, and treated Miss Kirtley to the end of the voyage with a rigid politeness, calculated to make her feel that she had behaved in a most frivolous and ungrateful manner.

After a fair and prosperous voyage, the good ship reached her destination, and the busy scene of disembarkation commenced. What a busy scene it was! Crowds [illegible] about the landing, eagerly watching, [illegible], some familiar face might meet their gaze, and many turned away, heart-sick with disappointment.

But as night came on, things were reduced to some degree of order. Those of the emigrants who could not obtain a lodging, or were too poor to pay Australian prices, [illegible] [illegible]ments for the night, and slept upon the ground—a somewhat hard lodging, but more comfortable upon the whole than the flea-infested shanties which rented at a price for which a palace might be obtained in some parts of the world. Though the first mad rush to the Land of Gold was over, and the time past when flour was one hundred dollars per barrel, and eggs twelve dollars per dozen, yet the price of everything was still exorbitant.

Mr. Kirtley's office rendered it necessary for him to reside at Melbourne, and there he found tolerably comfortable quarters awaiting him, which had just been vacated by his predecessor; that is they were comfortable as far as having weather-proof walls and being tolerably capacious could make them so; but compared with the houses Agnes had known in England, this one was wretchedly mean. Agnes almost despaired of ever making it look homelike, but as their goods arrived, and the contents of their thousand and one boxes were tastefully arranged, the place began to look hopeful. The vines that Agnes planted, immediately upon their arrival, grew almost as swiftly as that one of old that sheltered the disobedient prophet after his whaling expedition; so that by dint of hiding rough walls under leaves and flowers without, and papering within, their cottage was speedily transformed. Agnes found among the furniture a good many luxurious trifles that she had intended to leave behind, and her father, when spoken to upon the subject, confessed to having added a few pretty things "to remind us of what we once were," he said; "and as Aunt Elinor would say, to keep up our self-respect. And then, you know, dear, we must have something to correspond with the potichimania vases."

What with planning and arranging, and not unfrequently putting her own hand to the work, Agnes was busy as a bee, and happy as a humming-bird; but these extraordinary labors, once accomplished, the young lady became somewhat at a loss for employment. She had never been an idle person, even though she had but the ordinary duties of society, and the more delightful one of ministering to her father's happiness, to occupy her. Now, Mr. Kirtley was obliged to be absent from home during all the long mornings, and as there was no society in Melbourne, Agnes found that her only shield from ennui and homesickness would be constant employment.

"I mean to perfect myself in Italian, papa," she told him, "and to commence German, and you shall see what a learned lady I will be when the time comes to go back to England. Only make haste, or I shall get through all the modern languages and commence Hebrew."

"You had better write a book—a work upon the geological formation of Australia, for instance; so profound a young lady would not condescend to the production of lighter literature."

"Oh, you may make fun of me, papa, but I am going to study with all my might."

"That is the way you do most things, my dear, and I have no doubt you are all the happier for being enthusiastic."

And Agnes was happy. Dearly as she had loved society, and brilliantly as she had shown in it, she seemed now to have been expressly adapted for leading this humbler life. She could not live without having outside interests, and if duties did not present themselves, she sought them out. Having been for so long "Lady of the Manor," at Bluff House, nothing seemed more natural to Agnes than visiting and relieving the wants of the poor; and here there was a large field for her charity. In their "haste to be rich" many of the colonists lost their all of earthly wealth and often health besides, and were left entirely dependant upon the parish for support.

The clergyman of this parish was an excellent and energetic man, but had been hitherto sadly hindered in the discharge of his duties by the want of sympathy and co-operation of his parishioners. Now, however, when Miss Kirtley's interest in everything benevolent was manifest, others likewise took part, and it became fashionable to do good among those who were able. To Agnes's great surprise she found herself before long become a person of consequence, and a very pillar of the church. Such Dorcas societies, and such overflowing Sabbath-schools as she was instrumental in getting up! Verily if the Rev. Ephriam Butternut had seen Agnes now he would have been more than ever convinced that she was intended for a minister's wife, and her father told her, that instead of going back to England a "blue," she would more likely be a sister of charity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION.—A western hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these, he says, they killed on an average twenty-seven head of buffalo a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet, led to the following cross-question: "How did you kill all these buffalo with one bullet?" "Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time, I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffalo per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

☞ BARBER.—A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her guests. "Rossini! Indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his Barber?" (of Seville) "Oh, dear no; I always shave myself."

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received some advertisements for "Correspondence" which we cannot insert. The persons who have sent these advertisements and the money for their publication can have the same by sending us their names and address. It is our desire to keep THE POST free from all such tendencies to evil, and we here wish to be distinctly understood in declining everything which will not serve to give a high moral character to the paper. Matrimonial and other advertisements of the kind cannot have a place in our columns.

Respectfully declined. "Maggie, the Queen of Girls." "How Lonely the Heart." "A Soldier." "Falling Roses." "Come to Me in the Twilight." "Forbidden." "Arcadia." "Love's Elysian." "Oh, Go Not Yet." "To Irene." "Judith." "Going to Sleep." "The Burial." "Lost and Won." "Marrying a Husband." "Tell, oh Tell Me, Mother." We do not pay for poetry.

EVE ISLE.

In the present number we conclude the thrilling story of EVE ISLE, from the pen of *Stephen Paul Sheffield*, to whom our readers have accorded high tributes of praise, as a number of prettily written testimonials will show. We are happy to state that we have secured Mr. Sheffield for THE POST, and those who have already become familiar with him through its columns, will be glad to welcome him as a regular contributor. Mr. Sheffield is a pleasing and versatile writer, and we shall find ourselves better for having read his stories, the high moral tone of which none can complain of.

The close of the story—ending with this number—is exceedingly touching. We could have wished a happier fate for poor *Eve*. But if we follow *real life* examples, there must be sad ends and [illegible] disappointments to [illegible] hearts. Eve has not proved an exception to the class of sufferers which we may find around us every day. A brief, wild, fated and unsatisfied life! How many such sad volumes whose *finis* is in the grave.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY" is the leading steel engraving of the *September* number of this favorite periodical—and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood, when they roamed about catching butterflies—and some perhaps may think sadly that since they have grown to riper years, they have been engaged in nothing much more important than trying to catch such other butterflies as wealth and pleasure and fame. The steel fashion plate for this number is as handsome as usual, and the sporting dress in it something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that the Empress Eugenie and her ladies dress, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty wood engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c. &c. We quote the

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NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations.
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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOODS, by Miss ALCOTT, is a decidedly well written book. It has been said that it is a dangerous one for the young, because it gives false ideas of the duties of life. We cannot agree with those who claim to find danger in its pages. It seems to us, the effect most likely to be produced by the picture it draws, would be a greater cautiousness in entering upon so high, holy, and responsible relation as that of marriage. Sylvia Yule, a most admirably delineated type of character, in which the cross between good and ill is so strikingly depicted, makes a terrible mistake in marrying a man whom she only likes, while she loves another. She believes the man she loves was married, and her womanly pride was hurt, though he had never spoken to her of love. In her anguish, she longs for comfort and hopes to find it in the affection of one whom she honors—who devotedly loved her. She does not hide from him the truth. He knows she does not love him, but she expresses her desire that he shall win her affection. Circumstances are brought about which hasten the marriage, and for a little while she is happy. But the first month has not sped before she learns the truth, and in finding the man she loves free and ready to lay the wealth of his affections at her feet, the one great, bitter lesson of her life is learned. Then comes the struggle with duty against love, and some startling theories are advanced by the writer. Viewing it from the same point, we must accept them as right. Though the law bound her to him, it were but a bitter mockery to give him a wife's duty devoid of wifely love. What high-souled man could ask it? Moore felt his fate in all his bitterness, but he gave her up, refusing to claim a duty that was not made sweet by love. He could not do otherwise; and so the wife goes back to her father, and the miserable husband sails for a foreign land. At this point the great, grand nature of Adam Warwick is made manifest. He follows Moore on board the vessel that is to bear them hence, and takes his place beside him, firm in his intent to cling by his friend in his sorrow.

After a long time, Moore is recalled by Sylvia, and the two wanderers start homeward joyfully. Out at sea, a storm swallows up brave Adam Warwick, and Moore goes home alone to see his Sylvia die. It is a sad closing of a fitful, erring yet beautiful life. But in the whole, there is a lesson taught that should not lightly be put aside. One false step may mar more lives than one.

A REPLY TO BISHOP HOPKINS'S VIEW OF SLAVERY, AND A REVIEW OF THE TIMES. By JOHN R. BOLLES. This is a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and is one of the ablest and most caustic replies that the well known work of Bishop Hopkins has received. The writer controverts the Bishop's reasoning in nearly every respect, and brings forth several rather amusing proofs of his inconsistency. For instance, he quotes the Bishop's argument justifying slavery on account of the mental inferiority of the negro race, and then refers to the Bishop's account of the Canaanites (whom the Bishop rather curiously contends were negroes) as follows:—

> "Their commercial activity and enterprise gained them the distinction of being '*merchants by excellence*,' so that in common usage the land of Canaan was understood to be the land of the merchant, or the land of commerce, and their property and wealth became manifested, as in all similar cases, by their splendid cities, walled around and fortified."

And again—to be fair to the Bishop:—

> "That the Canaanites were builders of great cities and active promoters of commerce, so that, as we have seen, the name of *Canaanite* became synonymous with the business of a merchant, there is no difficulty whatever. For I have never denied that the negro race is capable of attaining a high degree of skill in the ordinary branches of human knowledge, under proper circumstances."

Now Mr. Bolles thinks it is undertaking rather too much to justify the slavery of a people who were "merchants by excellence," possessing great wealth and "splendid cities," and who had attained "a high degree of skill in the ordinary branches of human knowledge," on the ground of their mental inferiority.

But we have not the time, neither is it in our line, to enter into any extended review of the questions outside of the main basis of literature, as we leave all such to the political and religious press. We simply, therefore, refer all who wish to procure Mr. Bolles's pamphlet, to the publisher, J. W. Daughaday, 1308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SCENES IN A "SANCTUM."

No. 4.

"Do you know that our work is almost over?" asked the ex-editor with a sigh of profound relief. "See, all the 'notables' have departed, one by one, until few are left. These I will carry home with me, and give them a resting-place under lock and key."

"A fitting reward, truly, for the many days and nights of hard mental toil for your benefit! Why, you are a *Strathmore*, sending your best friends to the galleys for life."

"Ah! you have read *Strathmore* then? How do you like it?"

I set my teeth hard.

"Like it! If I had the power to write as that author has written, I'd strike off my right hand before I would let it pen such a book as *Strathmore*. Don't talk about it. I shall lose my temper if you do."

"It is better than 'Held in Bondage.'"

"God pity him, then. I know it is abominable, however, for Mrs. Southworth comes out strongly against it. She expects to analyze it some day, and says it will be 'a nasty job.' How can men of culture, and the feeling this 'Ouida' has, take pleasure in making everybody *bad?* He is 'as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' for he is without charity. His ideas of morality are terribly warped, and his associations could not have been unexceptionable, judging from the coloring they have given life for him. I am glad he is not an American."

"Why?"

"Because I can still thank God for the high honor in which our women are held by the opposite sex. If 'Ouida' was an American, I should want to exile him for life, to remove the stain of his existence from his sex. You need not laugh. I glory in my privilege to speak for my own sex, and I know that we have a right to your honor and esteem, as well as your protection. It is the woman who moulds the character of the man, and if 'Ouida' had been reared by an American mother, I have a hope that he would not have created demons for his novels, and called them women. That is the only comfort I can extract for myself when reading his books."

"You make him of too much importance if you feel that way. Silence is the most fitting treatment for him."

"True. Here is a roll of Mrs. Wood's MS. What shall we do with it?"

"O, lay it aside. It has been published, and may be wanted only as an autograph sometime in the future. How do you like her?"

"Well. She redeems many of the faults of others. I may say that she writes too much. Such a fertile brain as she has! One book like *East Lynn* ought to satisfy her; but she goes on to write an hundred. I like her *Channings* exceedingly. There is much character in the work; and a vivid, pleasant picture of school-boy life."

"You have seen her picture?"

"Yes; a fair, sweet face, with light, drooping curls on either side. The mouth is delicate and refined, showing the sensitive and feeling nature very perceptibly. I fancy it would be pleasant to talk to her."

"You are fond of conversations with literary people?"

"Yes, because no two ever talk alike; and when they talk at all they talk *well*. Some of our best writers are dumb—have nothing to say—the authoress of the 'Widow Bedott Papers,' for instance, could not talk. Mr. Godey went to see her once, and could not get a dozen words during the whole interview. It appeared an absolute pain from her extreme shyness. After his visit she wrote to him an apology, explaining it as a constitutional weakness which she could not overcome."

"You are not greatly afflicted that way?" with a shy, twinkling glance.

"No indeed! more's the pity. It has been said that people who 'talk most think least.' I should feel terribly discouraged were it not that I have some splendid contradictions to the saying. I could name a dozen fine writers who talk as well as they write, and leave no room for the ill-natured ones to accuse them of shallowness."

"Name some of them."

"You have seen more literary people than I have. How can you wish to quiz me so? But never mind. Take Oliver Wendell Holmes for the first example. He is one of the raciest talkers I ever heard. It's a positive delight to hear him. If he 'did not dare to be as funny as he could' in writing, he appears to have no such scruples in talking. If I could talk sense, wit and fun as he does, without effort, and all in the same breath, I should not mind your sly innuendoes."

"How is Bryant as a conversationalist?"

"More grave, quiet, and reserved; but he expresses himself with ease. He is so serene, yet so kindly in his manner, one feels a sense of delightful rest in his presence. I think in mentioning him you had a desire to make some reparation for what you said awhile ago. You know he is one of my 'pet admirations.' His life has been like one of his own poems—pure and beautiful. When the snow of his grand old head is laid to the dust, 'it will be as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

"You have seen Willis?"

"N. P.? Yes. I don't like men who flatter. Some men think all that women are capable of appreciating is compliments. Bah!"

The ex-editor laughed, sprang up and shook himself free from the clinging fragments of letters.

"Done! What a world of dread is removed from my heart."

"Well it may be! And now, sir, I shall have this nicely cleaned; paper, envelopes, &c., all put in their proper places. These 'pigeon-holes' shall each have assigned to them MSS. 'accepted,' 'rejected,' and 'to be examined,' so that order may reign henceforth. To-morrow morning the bright, pretty carpet will be down, the window-shades up, and 'My Sanctum' fitted for its new occupant, with always a place and a hearty welcome for the 'ex-editor.'

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

The Puma.

The great naturalist Buffon has declared in the most unqualified manner—"We have no lions on the American Continent."

Now I have an idea that if Mr. Buffon could have had the pleasure of seeing a South American Puma wholly unprovoked and wanting the plea of hunger as an excuse, dash in upon a mounted party of veteran hunters, armed with lasso, lance, and rifle, and rend and tear horse and human flesh, fighting like a mad fiend to the last gasp of life—or could he have seen a full-grown puma drive in among a herd of wild cattle, pounce upon a two-year old animal, swing it clear from the ground in his mighty jaws, and go off to cover at a pace that would challenge the gallop of a trained horse to equal, it is probable the great historian would have acknowledged that we have on the American Continent something very like a lion.

The full-grown male puma stands about four feet three inches in height, measuring in girth around the chest directly back of the fore legs, about eight and a-half feet—his length, not including the tail, being between nine and ten feet.

The head and general contour of the neck and shoulders, are exactly like those of the African Cape lion, but the chest is broader, the loins fuller, and the limbs nearly twice as stout. In all cases the puma is destitute of a mane, or the peculiar tuft on the tail that distinguishes the Numidian and Abyssinian lion.

In color, the male puma is a beautiful purplish umber about the head and along the back, changing to a grayish ochre, down the sides and on the outer part of the legs, and fading to a bright orange, under the belly and within the legs.

The female puma is a third smaller than the male, more delicate and symmetrical in structure, and in color a uniform yellowish bronze very like that of the lioness of Zanguebar.

In habits, the animal differs from the African or Asiatic lion more materially than he does in appearance. He is bolder and more persistent in his attacks, fights more bravely against overwhelming odds, and is ten times more cruel and blood-thirsty in his nature. They always hunt, or range the forest or sierra, in pairs—the male and his mate, follow a trail by scent like a hound; and instead of pouncing upon their prey at a single bound, as is the favorite practice of the African lion, the pair of South American pumas will sometimes literally run down their victim, in nearly the same manner that a pack of wolves will do, though not always with the same intentions, for not unfrequently two pumas will follow for hours a flying bullock, and having finally run down and slain him, they retire without tasting a morsel of his flesh. The murder has been committed in sheer wantonness.

The favorite haunts of the puma are in the wooded regions along the base of the mountain ranges, seldom straying very far from some considerable water-course, though upon two occasions I remember to have seen a pair of the animals attack a party of nearly thirty armed horsemen on the pampa, more than ten leagues from any sort of cover, and both the mad fools fought like fiends until they were slain.

In neither instance were the animals impelled by hunger, for upon skinning and ripping them open, we found their stomachs gorged with beef but recently swallowed.

An act of the most admirable, cool, calculating heroism I ever witnessed, occurred one day between Casco and El Paso, in which a famous puma lost his life, and our *Peon* guide his *lasso*.

Masqua, our guide, and the puma, met some two hundred yards in advance of our party, on a narrow ledge of rock with a wall of five hundred feet perpendicular, on the left hand, and a yawning abyss of a thousand on the other. The puma could not turn to retreat, and Masqua *would not*, and so an encounter was the result. The puma leaped high into the air, Masqua's *lariat* met the monster in mid leap; the *peon* sprang nimbly backwards a few steps, the noose tightened about the puma's throat, he came down, missed the ledge, and went plunging down into the black chasm, Masqua's lasso hissing over the edge of the rock after him.

"*Ah-me Mario pazece—mu lasso safir!*" mourned Masqua, and that was all that he cared for the encounter.

COURTESY AND CREDIT.—Perhaps the editor of Moore's *Rural New-Yorker* refuses to credit Madeline upon the no trust principle, but his honor the Mayor of the city of Rochester, being a magistrate, ought to mete out justice. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is easily abbreviated into SAT. EVE. POST. Besides the publishers are liberal men, and deserve *credit* for slices from their "Kitchen Cabinet."—*Madeline, in Saturday Evening Post.*

In reply to the above we beg simply to state that not a line has ever been copied, direct, into this journal from MADELINE's department of the Post. If any item or article of hers, therefore, has ever appeared in the RURAL, it has been copied *from* an exchange, where it was uncredited and its paternity unknown. We have received the Post in exchange ever since the Rural New-Yorker was established, and have seen many uncredited articles in the former which originally appeared in the latter, yet never thought of indicting the Post, though always disposed to "mete out justice," even before becoming a magistrate.

In this connection we will again state that our *desire* and *practice* is to always give credit for articles copied into the Rural whenever possible to ascertain their origin.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

☞ A son of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarrelling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one. "One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid, "if you should come by the house sometimes, blast my tarry toplights, if you wouldn't think we were about *twenty*."

☞ THE CAPTAIN'S LAST.—As a witty captain was lately standing on board a vessel with a friend, he pointed to the rope that raised the pennant to the top of the mast, and asked his friend, "Why is that rope like a shell-fish? Do you give it up?" The friend gave it up. "Because it's a *hoister*," (oyster,) said the captain.

VERY UNCOMMON.

BY JOHN TODD, D.D.

At the gateway of one of our beautiful rural cemeteries, a large funeral was just entering, as our attention was called to a very remarkable sight. The bier was resting on the shoulders of four tall, noble-looking men in the prime of life. One of these bearers was a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the nation. A second was one of the most eminent and accomplished lawyers whom this or any other country can boast. A third was a very distinguished divine whose pen is a great power. And the fourth was the President of the Senate of his state. And these remarkable men were all brothers! They stood strong in life, but were bowed and silent and solemn, as if the bier was too heavy for their strength. Very slowly and carefully they trod, as if the sleeper should not feel the motion. And who was on the bier, so carefully and tenderly borne? *It was their own mother!* Never did I see a grief more reverent or respect more profound. It seemed to me that the mother's cold heart must almost throb in the coffin. A nobler sight, or a more beautiful tribute of love, I never saw. They were all, doubtless, going back in memory to their early childhood, and to the loving care of this best of all earthly friends. They well knew that the sons of a poor village pastor could never have been trained and educated and fitted to occupy their positions without a very extraordinary mother. They well knew that they owed more to her than to all other human agencies. No shoulders but theirs must bear the precious dust to the grave-yard; no hands but theirs must deposit it in its last resting-place! That body had been inhabited by one of the sweetest, most cheerful and brilliant minds that ever inhabited an earthly tenement. It had long, too, been the temple of the Holy Ghost. What that lovely woman had done to make her husband's ministry useful and profitable; what she had done in training daughters that are ornaments to their sex; what she had done to make these distinguished men what they are—who can tell? What has not such a mother accomplished who has given such an influence to the world? I never see any of these sons but my thoughts go back to the home of their childhood; and I can hardly keep my eyes from filling with tears as I think of that mother. How many men start upon the stage of life, and feel they are great, and are filling great spheres of usefulness, who are really dwarfs in comparison with such a character. When that mother went down to the very brink of the grave, that she might bring up life, as her children were born, as she toiled unseen and unpraised through all their training, what an influence was she preparing to leave upon the world after she should be numbered with the dead? We men develope ourselves, and think we have done well if we can achieve anything in life, when, most likely, if anything valuable in us is developed, we owe it chiefly to our patient, meek, unnoticed mother. She forms the character which we develope. And it is much owing to ignorance of the laws of influence that prevents the mother from receiving that love and respect she deserves.

Heaven will be just where we are not; and I can find no words in which to express my appreciation of such a friend. Some few who have early lost their mother through death, or the loss of reason, come out useful and respectable men; but they would, probably, have been much more so, had they enjoyed her love and care. They may well mourn the loss all their days. The names of the mothers of Moses, of Samuel, of Timothy, and other eminent men, are recorded; and so are the names of the mothers of the wicked kings generally recorded, as if to tie them to the disgrace of their sons.

Oh, mother! amid all your anxieties and labors, be assured that the time is coming when your name and image will fill the chambers of the memories of your children as no other can. You are garnering up love, respect, and veneration which will gather around your coffin, if not before. You will grow in the hearts of your children as long as they live.

Oh, son of the good mother! remember that she hath spared nothing that the human heart could yield for thy good! Let thy love and gratitude and reverence flow back upon her, and if her hair is becoming silvered with age, remember that thy opportunities to minister to her comfort are every day becoming fewer and fewer. God help thee to cheer her!—*Home Monthly.*

☞ SPICY GRUMBLING.—"What is the use of living?" snarled a veteran grumbler the other day. "We are flogged for crying, when we are babies—flogged because the master is cross, when we are boys—obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men—to work still harder (and suffer something worse!) when we are husbands—and, after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die, and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch; and our wives—*to catch somebody else.*

☞ A beautiful interchange of compliments—sincere as the speakers themselves—took place between Jerrold and Leigh Hunt, at a dinner given some years ago in honor of the latter. Jerrold said of the veteran essayist and poet, that even in his hottest warfare, his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, "he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook;" and Leigh Hunt, with equal grace and truth observed of "his friend Jerrold," that "if he had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

☞ A Frenchman one day saw a gentleman walk up to an open snuff box in the hands of another, and take a pinch of snuff, having prefaced the act with the words, "May I take the liberty?" On the next day the Frenchman went into a tobacco shop and asked for half a pound of liberty.

☞ When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was:—"It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

☞ There is no object in creation more lovely, more fraught with intensest interest (if, indeed, are not wholly wrapt in the petty world of self we as to have none for such lofty sympathies) than a young girl standing on the threshold of a new existence; beautiful, innocent, and true; offspring as yet of joy and hope alone, but before whom stretches the dim vista of graver years, and the yearning thoughts, unspoken griefs, and buried feelings, which even in the happiest career must still be woman's lot.

KEEP TOILING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Ho! traveller, o'er the mountain steep,
  Why sit beside the way?
The night is dark, but never weep,
  Soon will come the day.
Toil on with firm, undaunted heart,
  Until the top is won;
Strive on and fill the warrior's part,
  Until the toil is done.

Ho, eagle, soaring in the sky,
  Sink not again to earth,
But toward the depths of heaven fly,
  Where had thy spirit birth.
Fly on, with strong, undrooping wing,
  And give no look below,
Until you hear the angels sing,
  And see God's roses blow.

Oh! toiler up the steep of Fame,
  Look straight toward the prize,
And win for thee a hero's name,
  To live when others' dies.
Have faith in God and toil on,
  And never sit thee down,
And say, "I shall not see the dawn,"
  Toil on and win the crown!

LEONIE GRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

It was only one of a row of tenant-houses in an obscure street; such a house as you may find in St. Louis by the score, and in many other cities by the hundred. A dingy brick building, filled from cellar to attic with people of various nationalities—German, Irish, French and American, crowded into those ill-ventilated rooms without much regard to national peculiarities or prejudices. Not at all a desirable place of residence you would have said, observing the unkempt heads occasionally protruded from doorways and windows, or listening to the sounds dire and fearful which now and then greeted the ears of passers-by.

A group of ragged boys were collected on the side-walk, engaged, boy-fashion, in an animated dispute, which promised to end presently in a free fight. One small urchin, with a Milesian cast of countenance and evidently belligerent tendencies, was in the act of administering a scientific blow, *a la* Heenan, to a heavy-looking Dutch lad standing conveniently near, when the unusual apparition of a carriage drawn up beside the curbstone, caused a suspension of hostilities. It was not a dashing equipage, just a plain, elegant family carriage, with no bravery of silver-mounted harness or decorated panels. The coachman, a sedate, middle-aged man, enveloped in a snuff-colored overcoat, voluminous as to capes, ample as to skirt and pocket, descended from his box in a leisurely sort of way and opened the door. A lady got out, a young, stylish woman, with handsome black eyes, and a step like a princess.

"Are you sure this is the place, Thomas?" looking doubtfully at the uninviting premises.

"Yes'm, this is the house, but I do not know which is her room. Shall I ask one of them chaps yender?"

The lady signified her assent.

"I say, boy," elevating his voice a little, making a movement with his hand toward one of the group. "Come here and tell this lady where Miss Gilbert lives."

The "chap" addressed came forward promptly, doffing an apology for a hat by way of salutation.

"If ye plase, mum, do ye mane the young leddy that sows and has a sick soulger brother?"

"Miss Gilbert is a sewing-girl. *Show* me to her room if you please," putting into one of the boy's hands a piece of money, and into the other a package which she wished him to carry.

His fingers, roughened and reddened by the biting cold, closed eagerly over the precious bit of postal currency.

"Yis, mum, thank ye, mum, it's Teddy Ryan that'll do that same," starting forward with alacrity, eager to show his zeal in the service of so generous a patron.

He led the way into a hall where half-a-dozen slatternly women were employing their leisure time in quarrelling. Miss Grant followed resolutely. Up two pair of stairs very wide and very dirty, into a dark entry, pausing before a closed door. Teddy Ryan knocked. "Come in," said a voice, and taking the bundle from the boy's hand she unclosed the door and stepped into the room.

A small room, poorly furnished, and not half warmed—so much she had time to observe while a young girl seated near the window was coming forward to greet her. A very young girl, hardly sixteen the lady thought, noticing, too, the tired droop of the head, the hollow circles about the eyes, and that wornout look that comes from wearing anxiety and overwork. Miss Grant had seen the girl before at the house of a lady friend who sometimes employed her. She mentioned the fact in her pleasant way as she took the chair placed for her.

"Mrs. Glindenning spoke very highly of you, Miss Gilbert, and showed me a specimen of your sewing. I have some here that I would like you to do for me if you can;" opening a roll of eagle gray flannel, soft and fine. "Just plain work, you see, and already cut out. Shirts for the soldiers."

The girl looked pleased. Her patrons were more accustomed to find fault than to commend, and this trifling bit of praise was encouraging. A sentence or two of explanation and direction and Miss Grant arose to go. The air here was chilly, her feet, warmly as she was dressed, actually cold. Not much wonder, though, seeing how open the room was. One solitary advantage it had. Its single window faced the South, and through this the sunshine streamed in brightly, lying in broad bars on the bare floor and lighting up the pale face of a man of twenty, who lay on a bed in a corner of the room. A blue uniform hung against the wall, on a nail overhead a military cap marked with a letter C, and Miss Grant recollected what Teddy Ryan had said about Miss Gilbert's soldier brother.

The sister was fair, with a tinge of gold in the lustre of her hair; that of the young man was dark and heavy, and the hazel eyes lifted to Miss Grant's face had to her something strangely familiar in their glance. Something grave and wistful and tender that touched the heart of the haughty, worldly woman, recalling as it did other eyes that had once looked into hers. *They* were set in an older and darker face, she remembered, and yet—was it only a fancy or was there really some subtle likeness between that other face, brown and bearded, like a king's in its firmness and grand, masculine beauty, and this one younger but hardly less fair, smooth as a girl's, and pallid from wasting illness? Some curious impulse made her move a step nearer the bed, and put out her hand with that winning friendliness that was so charming in Leonie Grant.

"I am a loyal woman, Mr. Gilbert, and claim the privilege of being a *friend* to the soldiers. You must let me be your friend, too."

"I am honored," with a smile so bright and sweet that she caught her breath hard. Just so another had smiled on her once, and—well, well! It was foolish, maybe, but she liked this young soldier boy, he was indeed hardly more than a boy, with his true face and courteous voice; so she led him on to tell her a little of himself—how he came to be lying there sick and helpless, a discharged soldier.

There was not much to tell, he said. He had been in the service a year. He was present at the siege of Vicksburg, and in the capture of Port Hudson that came after. "It was there that I was wounded—shot through the lungs. An ugly wound it was, but our surgeon was a skillful one, and he brought me through. At last we were brought to St. Louis, a boat-load of us, sick and wounded together. My sister came here to see me. She wanted to nurse me herself; she had faith to believe that she could do better for me than any stranger. I was wild to get out of the hospital—it seemed to me that if I could only go away from there I should get well at once. It was not difficult to procure a discharge—" A paroxysm of coughing interrupted the recital, and when it was over he lay back on the pillow entirely exhausted.

Miss Grant asked no more questions then—passed out quietly, beckoning Miss Gilbert into the entry.

"I will pay you in advance for making those shirts, and you can take your own time to them," producing a bank note from a little pearl and silver portmonnaie. "I don't wish to be meddlesome or intrusive, but you ought to keep a better fire. Your brother's health, and your own, too, absolutely requires it."

"I know it, Miss Grant, but Mrs. Lattimer hasn't paid me yet, and I have had no money to buy coal. I can get some now, though, thanks to your kindness in paying me beforehand."

"Half freezing and no money to buy fuel. That is dreadful," solloquised Miss Grant as she went back to her carriage. That third story room and its two occupants haunted her thoughts as she rode home in the cold brightness of the winter sunlight. They haunted her as she sat in the warmth and quiet of her own luxurious parlor that night listening to the brilliant talk of Major Lusk. They haunted her still when, a week later, Gertrude Gilbert presented herself with her work completed, and asked for more.

Miss Grant was just sitting down alone to luncheon when Gertrude was shown in. To the surprise of the servant in attendance she immediately ordered another plate for Miss Gilbert. The man obeyed, wondering "what whim Miss Leonie had taken into her head now." It was hardly a whim—Miss Leonie was not given to whims, but she was independent in her views, and being a belle and an heiress could afford to set Mrs. Grundy at defiance in a way that a woman of less assured position would not have ventured upon. So, simply because it was her will and pleasure to do so, she invited Gertrude to a place at her table, and Tim, the waiter, knew from the glance of his mistress's eye that he must serve Miss Gilbert with the same deference he paid to herself.

Later, ensconced in an easy-chair before her dressing-room fire, Miss Grant employed her fingers with a bit of embroidery, talking betweenwhiles to Gertrude, who waited while the housekeeper prepared some more work. A really pretty girl, Miss Leonie thought, noting the figure, whose natural grace the coarse dress could neither destroy or conceal; the shapely white throat; the delicate features clearly outlined against the crimson lining of the chair. Noting, too, how her whole chilled frame relaxed in the soft, luxuriant atmosphere, the faint flush that crept into her cheeks. She seemed just fitted to live amid such surroundings as these; sat there in a kind of dreamy quiet, drinking in with appreciative senses the beauty about her. Beauty of form and color, of outline and tint and grouping, for Miss Grant had an artist's eye for fine effects in house and dress and furniture.

It was hardly to be expected that this woman, Leonie Grant, flattered and caressed in society, a belle by right of her wealth and beauty, and a certain nameless charm of manner that women called artfulness and men pronounced divine, would be interested in the fortunes of a couple of chance acquaintances—people, too, a good way below her in social position. Yet she was interested; she wanted to know more about them, and a question or two, delicately put, elicited from Gertrude the information she wished to obtain.

There were but three of them in the family—Gertrude and Stephen and another brother, John, many years older than either. They had neither father or mother, but this elder brother had supplied to them, so far as he might, the place of both. When the war broke out, he was commissioned a captain of volunteers. Gertrude was at school then, and Stephen at college. Stephen wanted to enlist, but John would not hear of it. There were men enough to fill the ranks, he said, more than enough, and the army was no place for a boy of seventeen. His constitution was not firm enough yet to bear the fatigues and exposures that a soldier must undergo; and there were other dangers in the army than dangers to life and health. He would have chance enough to fight after awhile; this rebellion was not going to be put down in a day. As for himself, he would leave money to keep them both at school two years longer, and that would be early enough for Stephen to go into the army.

"I think he was right," said Gertrude slowly, some memory of pain and grief connected with that time making her voice heavy as she spoke. "I think he was right; but it did not content Stephen. He wanted to be a soldier; he thought the country needed him, and when the next call for troops came he enlisted.

"He was in the service a year, but he and John never saw each other, and neither of them got a chance to come home. At last Stephen was wounded, as he told you, and they brought him here to St. Louis. When I heard that he was here, I came straight to see him. I was a stranger, but the surgeon was very kind, and I had some money—some that John gave me when he went away, and some that he had sent me since. When Surgeon Davis found how badly Stephen wanted to get away from the hospital, he procured his discharge from the service, and helped me to find a house where we could live till my brother should get strong enough to travel.

"Stephen improved very fast for awhile. Surgeon Davis came every week to prescribe for him, and to see how we got on. But in a few weeks he was detached from the service here, and sent to the front, into Tennessee. By-and-by our money was nearly gone, and as the autumn weather came on, Stephen grew worse again, and we had nothing to pay a doctor for coming to see him.

"I got a little work to do—sewing, and such like. I could not go away from home, you know, but coal and rent and provisions got higher and higher, and I sold everything we had, almost, that would bring in money, and we had to leave the house we were in and move to the one we live in now. But the worst of all was, John did not write any more. I have only received one letter from him since we came to St. Louis—that was forwarded to me from the town where we used to live. Stephen and I have written again and again, but we never got any answer, and I've given up now. I know he must be dead. If he was alive he would write; he would not leave us in this dreadful suspense. And now—now—I'm afraid I shall lose Stephen"—her hands clasping and unclasping themselves together, though her voice never rose above that dreary monotone.

Miss Grant recalled the paroxysm of coughing she had witnessed, the deathlike exhaustion that followed it, and thought that it would not be strange if this fear were realized. It must be terrible, she thought, to see any one you love dying day by day before your very eyes, and know that somewhere, not far away, there is help, and you powerless to procure it.

"Have you had medical advice for him at all since Surgeon Davis left?"

"No. I went once to Doctor Searl, on —— street. He asked, the first thing, if I had the money to pay him; and when I told him that I had none just then, but would have some very soon, he said that I needn't call at his office again, as he was accustomed to receive his fee on the spot, and was *not* accustomed to attend paupers."

"*He* said that?—Doctor Searl?" asked Leonie in a quick, sharp tone, a steely glitter coming into her eyes.

"Yes, Miss Grant—those were his exact words."

Doctor Searl did not know, when Miss Grant cut him dead on the street next morning—and he wondered in what way he could possibly have offended her—that a few insolent words to a friendless girl had lost him the friendship of the woman whose favor was more to him than anything else in the world.

"I shall take you home in the carriage, Miss Gilbert," said Leonie Grant as Gertrude rose to go. "Sit down again for a minute, please, while I put on my cloak and write a note to Doctor Blair. He is a good physician, one of the best in the city, and I want him to see your brother."

Up the wide, dirty staircase, and more into the small room whose bareness was in striking contrast to the elegant apartments they had so recently left. An elderly woman met them at the door.

"Your brother's slaping quietly as a child, Miss Gerthrude."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ryan. You were kind to stay by him while I was away."

"Shure, an' ef I could, wouldn't I do fifty times as much for him, for the sake of me own boy Patrick, that's away fitin' in this bloody war?" And the warm-hearted Irish woman went out with her apron over her head.

The door was closed softly, so as not to awaken the sleeper, and Gertrude and Miss Grant paused beside the bed. What subtile influence was it that unloosed the bands of sleep, and made him aware of their presence? He looked up, smiling as he recognized the visitor; but the difficult breath, the cold moisture on hands and brow, told their own story of danger, of disease rapidly exhausting the vital forces, surely and swiftly undermining the citadel of life. Doctor Blair's skill must be prompt if it was to save.

Gertrude told her brother that Miss Grant had sent to request the attendance of a physician. Leonie saw the hurt pride in his face, comprehended the rigid self-respect that shrank from accepting aid at a stranger's hands, even though he needed it so badly. Yet this stubborn pride must be overcome before he would allow himself to be saved.

She had only a woman's weapons with which to combat it, and she used them. She bent toward him a little, laying her hand over his mouth with a motion half authoritative, half caressing, anticipating the objection she saw he was about to make.

"Let me have my own way in this, please. Your sister trusts me. Can't you do the same?"

Her silken garments swept the side of the bed, breathing a faint sweet odor of heliotrope from their folds. Her warm breath floated across his cheek. Stronger fortresses than this young soldier's pride have yielded to a woman's power, and Stephen Gilbert felt his resolution melting like wax in the sunshine of this woman's bewildering presence.

"Your sister trusts me. Can't you do the same?"

"With my life," he responded fervently, and that was enough.

Doctor Blair was long in coming, and while Leonie waited, Gertrude handed her an ambrotype case.

"My brother John, Miss Grant!"

What was there to turn Leonie Grant so white as her eye fell on the picture within? Only a likeness of a fine looking man of thirty-two or three in Federal uniform. The dress was not familiar, but the face was. Looking upon it, the small, plain room and its occupants seemed to fade away; the past four years passed into oblivion, and she stood at midnight on the deck of a burning steamboat. Around her were frightened children, terror-stricken women, desperate men; and over all the red glare of the flames. In her ear low cries of horror from some of the frightened passengers, frantic screams from others, curses, not loud but deep, muttered prayers; loud above all, the sullen roar of the fiery storm.

Husbands and wives held each other in a close embrace, sprang overboard, and went down together. [illegible] their [illegible] locked in a [illegible] of fear. Mothers clasped their children [illegible] precipitated themselves from the guards, and sank to rise no more. Strong swimmers making desperate efforts to land, were borne back by the resistless force of a cross current, and carried down the stream, whither none might tell. It was a night of such horror as those who experienced it cannot to this day recall without a shudder.

Among all those two hundred people, there was not one to whom Leonie Grant could look for help—no one to tell her what she must do. Friends and acquaintances she had on board, but they had the safety of their own dear ones to provide for; they could take no thought for her. So, in this most desperate strait of her life, she was left alone. The flames grew fiercer, the smoke denser. Death by fire, or death by drowning. It was a terrible alternative, but she chose the latter. With a prayer in her heart and on her lips, for God's mercy, she had poised herself for the leap, when a man's firm step sounded beside her, and a man's restraining hand held her back.

"Can you swim, madam?"

"No."

"You must not go overboard then, without something to buoy you up in the water. Take this," and even before he ceased speaking, he had taken off his own life-preserver and adjusted it about her.

"But you, sir; what will you do? Life is sweet to you as to me;" hesitating even in that moment of mortal peril about accepting the aid which was just so much taken from another's chance of life. His answer came cool and prompt.

"I can swim, and you cannot. Trust me to take care of myself. And will you trust me to do what I can for you?"

One glance into the resolute face bending over her, and she put out her hands to him with the trusting confidence of a little child in its mother.

He understood both the look and the gesture.

"God helping me, I will save you." He helped her up on to the guards, and passed his arm about her waist. "Keep your hand on my shoulder after we strike the water, and you will float easily. Trust to me, and don't be afraid."

There was a plunge, a shock that took her breath away as the water closed over them both for a second, then they rose to the surface. The stranger was a powerful swimmer. Again and again he tried to land, only to be borne back each time by the resistless force of the cross current which overbore even his strong arm and stronger will. Down the stream they drifted, away, away out of sight of the burning steamboat, into the darkness. On and on till the river made a sudden bend around a rocky point, and the current set inshore. It was not difficult to land here, and they reached the bank drenched to the skin, chilled to the heart and almost exhausted.

It was a lonely place, a dark forest stretching down nearly to the water's edge—not a sound to break the stillness save the low wash of the water. A lonely place, and a lonely hour. They stood there together in the darkness and silence of night—these two who knew not each others names, who had never looked upon each others faces until a great peril brought him, a stranger, to her side to cheer, and help, and save. They could never be strangers again. Even though they should part at daylight never to meet again, the events of this night would be a bond between them always. By-and-by they found a house, guided to it by the barking of a dog. The inmates were all asleep, unconscious of the tragedy that was being enacted only three miles away.

The excitement was intense when it became known; and while the women ministered, with willing hands, to the comfort of these two survivors of the wreck, the men hurriedly prepared to render what assistance they could to the remainder.

Leonie's preserver decided to go with them. He came to her for an instant before he went, and bent down to speak to her as she lay on a rude settle, a crimson shawl wrapped about her.

"I'm going back to the boat now. Had you any friends on board?"

"No—only acquaintances. I have no friend in the world so true as you have been," she said gratefully, the color coming and going on her cheek, her eyes luminous with feeling. "I shall never forget that I owe my life this night to you."

He clasped the hand he held still closer, looking down at her with that grave, protecting tenderness that gave her such a sense of rest and security with him. She dreaded to have him go—he saw that, but duty could not be set aside.

"I'm sorry to leave you alone in this strange place, but the people will take good care of you, I think. You are exhausted, and must try to go to sleep." Lifting her head on his arm while he arranged her pillows more comfortably. "I shall see you again in the morning. Till then, good-bye." He touched his lips to the fingers he held, then he turned away, and she closed her eyes, to recall in dreams all his kind care of her.

He did not come next day; but her friends did—and they told how a darkeyed man, a stranger, had assured them of her safety, and directed them where to find her. And that was the last she had ever seen or heard of him till this day.

Four years! They had changed her from an impulsive girl of nineteen to a self-poised woman of twenty-three, uncontrolled mistress of herself and her fortune. But in heart and in feature, in all essential respects, the Leonie Grant whose hand trembled as she looked on this pictured face, was the same who had said good-bye to the original in that little house on the banks of the Mississippi.

She closed the case softly and handed it back to Gertrude.

"Doctor Blair is coming. I hear his step on the stairs."

Doctor Blair was a gentleman in manners, and a man who understood his business thoroughly. He did not weary the patient by a thousand questions; but the few he did ask were so skilfully put that they elicited all needful information. When the prescription had been written, the last directions given, and the doctor, taking up his hat and gloves to go, asked Miss Grant if he should attend her to her carriage; she assented, flashing back a swift, smiling glance at the brother and sister as she passed out, saying that she should "come again to-morrow." But the bright look died out as soon as the door was safely closed behind her, [illegible] when fairly out of the house she turned abruptly to her companion.

"Doctor, is there any hope for that poor boy up stairs?"

The physician looked very grave.

"None at all, situated as he is."

"But under different circumstances?"

"With proper food and medicine and comfortable surroundings, he might possibly get well. As it is, there is not a shadow of hope."

"Well, doctor, my mind is made up. I shall have him brought to my house to-morrow."

The old physician's lifted eyebrows expressed his astonishment.

"My dear Miss Leonie, do you realize what it is you are going to do? Do you know how people will talk?"

"My dear doctor," retorted Miss Grant, "have you yet to learn that I don't care what people say as long as I'm in the right—and I'm very sure that I'm right in this case. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe that you are."

"One question more. Will it injure your patient to be moved?"

"Not if the moving is done carefully, as your servants can do it."

And Doctor Blair bowed himself off, and Miss Grant went home, mentally arranging the details of her plan, and pondering on the strange fact that seemed clear as daylight now that she had the clue, the fact that Stephen Gilbert and the man who had saved her life were brothers.

The subtile likeness that had puzzled her once was puzzling no longer—and she could see now why this young soldier's voice and smile had such a charm for her. With it all was mingled a feeling of pain and loss. I think that, deep down in her heart, she had always cherished the hope of some day meeting the man whose image was photographed on her memory by the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night; whose tones lingered still in her ear as the pleasantest she had ever heard. But death had made this hope impossible of fulfilment. The girlish dream was over now; and kneeling in her own room that night, Leonie Grant vowed, for *his* sake, to do what she could for the brother and sister he had loved while living.

It was very early next day when Miss Grant made her promised call. Stephen's face lighted up like sunshine when he saw who it was who entered, and extended his hand in greeting. "Gertrude had gone out to the bakeshop for some bread," he said, "but she would be back presently. Would Miss Grant please help herself to a chair?"

Even the slight exertion of lifting himself up in the bed to speak to her brought on a violent fit of coughing; and, laying aside all ceremony, Miss Grant went to him, raising his head as she had seen Gertrude do, wiping his damp forehead and his mouth with her own cobweb of a handkerchief. When the paroxysm was over, he lay quiet on her arm, his eyes closed, his lips so deathly white, that Leonie said to herself, with a throb of fear—"He will never get well."

He opened his eyes presently, and smiled up in her face, saying, softly,

"It's like Heaven—to have you here."

The words did not surprise her. With a woman's quickness of perception she had guessed the truth—and she only drew him a little closer, while the tears gathered in her eyes like rain. He put his hand up to her shoulder.

"I shall never get well, I know that. I'm a doomed man. But there's something I would like to tell you before I go. May I?"

His eyes, so like, so like his brother's, searched her face wistfully.

"May I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Miss Grant, I love you."

"Oh! Stephen! Stephen!" And then she bent her head and left the sweetness of her breath on his mouth.

Looking back upon it afterward, she was not ashamed to remember that she had kissed him. She wronged no one living by the act, and it comforted him.

"If you love me you will give me one promise," she said.

"Anything."

"Then you must come to my house—you and Gertrude—and stay till you get better."

He hesitated at that, but she said:

"Don't refuse now—I have set my heart on it."

And what man could resist such a plea from the woman he loved? Not Stephen Gilbert. And so, before nightfall, that comfortless room in the tenant-house was "to let," and Stephen was lying on the softest bed in the best chamber of Miss Grant's house, with everything comfortable and luxurious at command.

For a few days he seemed to improve rapidly, but Doctor Blair shook his head when Leonie spoke of it.

"If you had watched as many such cases as I have, you would know that there is nothing in the world more deceptive than these flattering appearances of returning health. He may live a month or two, but the end is—certain death."

Leonie turned away sick at heart. Vain were the hopes the sister was cherishing—the poor sister who said so passionately, "God surely would not take Stephen when she loved him so, and he was all she had in the world." But the decrees of fate could not be set aside. The end came swiftly; and one night of storm and darkness the watchers gathered there said, "He cannot live till morning."

The house was very quiet. In the presence of death all voices were lowered, all footsteps grew noiseless; and the servants moved about with awe-struck faces, as if the great change had been coming to them instead of to the young soldier who lay up stairs awaiting in silence the coming of the King of Terrors. For *him* death had no terrors. The dark waters washing up to his feet did not appal. He had put his trust in One "mighty to save."

In the parlor below a man waited anxiously for one who did not come.

Leonie had said to the servant who had summoned her:

"I can see no one to-night. Tell him the reason."

"I did, miss, but he says that is the more reason why he *must* see you without delay."

And at that Miss Grant went down to see who this stranger could be, and what he wanted.

He was standing in the hall as she came down, in the full glare of the lamplight—John Gilbert.

Her heart gave a great bound at sight of him, and in her surprise she stood still, unable to utter a word. But when he came to her and spoke, his voice broke the spell that had fallen upon her senses, and she put out her hands to him, as she had done that night on board the steamboat, saying eagerly:

"[illegible] friend!"

"[illegible]"

"Remember [illegible] I should be ungrateful indeed if I could forget."

Then she took him up to the room where Stephen was.

What can I say of that meeting between the living and the dying?

Soldiers, both of them, brothers by blood, bound to each other by a strong bond of love, they met after three years of separation, only to clasp hands and say farewell on the border line between Time and Eternity.

Hours wore away, and still Stephen lay quiet, passive—but going, surely going. And in reverent silence they [illegible] watched, those two women, loving and beloved, and the man who had just come up from a Southern prison. Suddenly a great change fell upon the face they were watching—that look that never comes but once. They gathered closer, and he smiled up at them.

"Kiss me, Leonie—Gertrude—John. Good-bye—dear ones all."

It was Leonie's hand he clung to last—Leonie's bosom that pillowed his head—Leonie's lips on which the last fluttering breath of life went out; and when all was over, she went softly away, leaving the brother and sister alone with their dead.

When she returned, in the gray light of early morning, John Gilbert was sitting there, holding Gertrude on his knee as if she had been a little child.

"Poor little girl," said Leonie kindly, touching the fair hair and the tear-stained face that lay on his shoulder in the deep sleep of exhaustion.

"Neither of you have retired at all. Let me take Gertrude to her room, while you go to yours and try to get some rest. You look tired and worn out."

It was the courteous lady of the house who said this—the pitying friend, not the girl who had lain awake all night thinking of the returned soldier.

He shook his head.

"Not just yet. Will you let me talk to you a few minutes first?"

She sat down a little way from him, and then he told her how he had heard of all her kindness to these two, and how grateful he was to her, and his eyes asked a question that his lips would not frame; a question that she found it hard to answer. How could she tell him that Stephen *had* loved her, but that she cared for him only as his sister cared, not as a woman regards the man of her heart's choice.

In some delicate, womanly way, she made him understand this. Perhaps he gathered it partly from the absence of all hesitation and shyness in her manner; from the fact that her grief was so evidently that of a friend, not that of one stricken with anguish for the loss of an object beloved. His voice was deep with some hardly repressed feeling as he said, holding her hand and looking into her eyes:

"Few women in this world would have been so kind as you have been. I can never thank you as I ought."

"I want no thanks," she said, her cheeks flushing and paling, her hand trembling in his. "I have not forgotten one night of dreadful danger, when you did for me what no one else would have done, perilled your life to save mine. You did not come next day, as you promised."

"God knows I *wanted* to see you," he broke in earnestly; "but you were safe; you had other friends with you—friends who had a *right* to be there—and I thought you would not care to have me come. *Did* you care? Would you rather I had kept my word?" His tone changed suddenly, and he added quickly: "Forgive me, Miss Grant—I forgot myself. I had no right to take such advantage of your hospitality. I will not offend again."

How Leonie's heart thrilled at those few words, the sweeter to her that she had waited four long years to hear them. She could almost have worshipped the man as he talked—the man whose deeds had proved him a hero—"brave and true and tender," as a hero should be. Her eyes drooped shyly under the glance of his; those steady eyes that were almost too steady for a woman; but she respected him the more in that he respected himself and her too much to plead his cause at such a time.

The house seemed very lonely next day when they were all gone, and Leonie found herself recalling again and again the question John Gilbert had asked at parting—"May I come again at some future time?"—wondering when he would come. Possibly in a month, she thought—maybe not for two or three months. Somehow a month seemed a long time to her. She chided herself for her impatience, calling herself "silly as a fifteen-year-old school girl." But, spite of all, her heart *would* thrill, and her cheeks *would* burn, at the chance mention of *one* name. Ah! Leonie, didn't you know that a woman in love is pretty much the same the world over?

At length a letter came from Gertrude, saying that "they were pleasantly situated, and very well content with their new home—at least she was, but John was restless and uneasy. He was going to St. Louis next week, on important business, he said"—and Leonie felt sure that, whatever the business might be which was bringing him to the city, he would not go away without seeing her.

And he did not.

It was just at nightfall that he came, when the parlor was softly alight and the fires aglow; and before he left Leonie knew that as she had remembered him he had remembered her, and the whispered term of endearment, the long, fond kisses he left on her lips at parting, sent her to her room the happiest woman who ever listened to a tale of love, or promised to become a wife. And to-day she wears a wedding-ring on her finger, and does not sign herself "Leonie Grant."

☞ Georgy and the Minister.—Minister—"Georgy, where's your sister Minnie?" Georgy—"Gone to Heaven, sir." Minister—"What, is she dead?" Georgy—"No, sir; she went to buy some matches." Minister—"Why, you said she'd gone to Heaven." Georgy—"Well, you said, last Sunday, matches were made in Heaven—so I thought she went up there to buy some."

☞ Counting.—It is said there are 100,000 feathers upon the wing of a silkworm moth, and that anyone doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.

☞ An Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

MUSINGS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY STELLA STILLMAN.

Are the rosy hours of youth
Slipping by in vain?
Must the bells of memories
Span them o'er with pain?
Will the pearls of silver age
Sprinkled o'er life's glowing page,
Sadly blight and half obscure
Memory's golden chain?

Must the many thoughts and hopes
Wound about our heart,
Fade away in empty air
As the years depart?
Every dear and happy dream,
Art thou but a misty gleam?
Wilt thou leave no lasting ray,
Lovely as thou art?

'Neath the sapphire arch beyond,
We shall find them all;
Moments sweet and spotless hopes,
Gone beyond recall,
Not in vain each darling dream,
Vague and fleeting though it seem;
We shall live them o'er again,
Freed from mortal thrall.

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a sad morning that dawned upon the inmates of the little cave, and the first beams of the rising sun shone over a ghastly scene. In the outer room it revealed the mangled remains of those who had justly met with a violent death—in the inner, it lighted up the pale and suffering but beautiful and spiritually exalted face of Eve Isle, who now wore the garments of her sex, and was relieved of all the disguises by which she had been so long enabled to personate, successfully, a character so widely different from her own.

Ere the sun had been long risen, a grave had been prepared at a little distance from the cave, by Mr. Coonrod and the negro, whose revengeful passions seemed to have exhausted themselves in the bloody work of the preceding night, leaving him the quiet submissive menial, so familiar to the officers and crew of the Calypso, and thither they bore the body of Ralph Gale, and there they buried it. The other bodies (such was the Idumean's command,) were thrown one after another into the chasm, and were by the mountain torrent borne away.

Neither Gertrude nor Wayne Ilidreth had for a moment left the bedside of the wounded girl, and the rest of those who knew her would have been equally attentive, but for the instinctive feeling that their presence would be a restraint rather than a consolation, to the sufferer, and those for whom she had evinced a stronger preference, lingered near, but every voice dropped to a tone of tenderness as it queried at the door if she had changed for the better.

She had rallied from the first swoon that followed the excessive hemorrhage occasioned by her wound, only to fall into a heavy stupor, in which she lay until the morning was far advanced, and those who watched beside her, began to fear that she was destined to drift away upon the great Ocean of Eternity without one word of parting to those who stood upon the strand to see her go, sorrowing sincerely for the desolate child whose womanly affections had led her to encounter unblanched, such perils as strong men might have shrunk from without being ashamed, and whose generous friendship had prompted her to stand face to face with death in the service of her girl friend.

Alas for Eve Isle! the noble-hearted, the beautiful and now fading, when her years were so few and her life had been so strong within her but a few short hours before.

When the hope that she would revive again had almost died out from the hearts of her anxious friends, the lethargy suddenly passed away. She opened her eyes and smiled on Gertrude and her cousin, calling them both by name. Gertrude made some excuse to withdraw, obedient to a delicate intuition that Eve had that to say which could best be said to the one chiefly concerned.

The moment they were alone together, Wayne Ilidreth threw himself on his knees beside the bed, and clasped his cousin in his arms.

"Oh! Eve, my friend, my true counsellor, my devoted lover!" he cried, passionately, "live for me! let me call you my wife, and cherish you henceforth as the dearest and choicest blessing God ever bestowed upon man. You always had the power to fascinate me, almost to deprive me of volition; but now, when I know all the wondrous depths of your affection, all your self-sacrificing generosity, all your exquisite delicacy, that was so often near betraying the falsity of the character you had assumed, I love you as God knows I can never love another woman. Live, darling, and let me prove it."

An expression of such loving tenderness as had seldom shone in Eve's strange eyes lighted them up now, and through those spirit windows the true woman's soul looked out radiant with the love at last vouchsafed it.

"You make me wish to live," she said softly, with the soul light beaming in her eyes, "though I know God's plan for me is the best—infinitely the best. I have loved you with an affection that was the beginning and the end of my existence. The blight, or whatever it was that shut me out from all other, even a mother's love, served as a barrier to prevent its flow, and kept it pent up in my own heart, until your hand swept the obstruction away, and the love of my life went out to you in an impetuous torrent, that was beyond all human control—or at least beyond mine. But I was not fitted to take upon myself the sacred name and character of wife. My idolatry would have wearied me. My singularities occasioned you annoyance, and perhaps in the end have alienated you from me, which would have broken my heart. It is far better as it is. My mission is accomplished—my work is all done."

Wayne bowed his head, and wept like a child.

"Don't sorrow for me, Wayne. It only makes the parting that is so near at hand more painful to anticipate. I am changed now; and if I knew that you and Gertrude were to love each other by-and-by, it would make me happy, though once the knowledge would have aroused all the fiercest passions of my nature. I may tell you now, that I had schooled my heart to part from you, for such a weary while, and made brave resolves to study and improve, thinking to surprise you when you returned; but when I saw Gertrude so beautiful, so womanly, so different from poor me, and learned that she was to be your companion on that long voyage, my good resolutions were dashed to pieces, and I almost went mad; so sure was I, that she would be loved, and I forgotten. I instantly and firmly determined to prevent this, and my plans were quickly and decisively arranged. I obtained from you the permission to manage my own little fortune. I knew how long it ought to take for you to reach your first port, for I had been for years at sea with my uncle, and most of the time sailing between New York and the different ports on the western coast of South and Central America. The Spanish language I spoke as fluently as my own, the French nearly so—and I trusted my own resolution and courage to sustain the character I had determined to adopt in order that I might be near you, and keep a watchful eye upon my dreaded rival.

"The last night before your departure, I stole in upon you while you slept, to try by concentrating my whole mental power in one effort to so impress myself on your slumbering fancy that I should be ever present in your thoughts, your dreams, and entwined with your life in spite of all others—in spite of yourself; and while I knelt beside your bed you awoke—and your manner told me I had succeeded in producing an effect. Then I felt safe—I knew my power vaguely before, but I had discovered how to use it, and was satisfied I could influence you by an effort of my will.

"When you had been gone long enough, I arranged my plans so as to lead Mr. Wraithe to suppose when I disappeared, that I had taken my own life—I knew the intelligence of my supposed suicide would reach you at the same place where I intended to join you. Then I privately procured male attire and a false moustache, in which I disguised myself, destroyed the garments for which I had exchanged it, took passage on the Aspinwall steamer under the name of St. Anne, crossed the Isthmus to Panama, and reached Valparaiso by the English steamer three days before you—just time enough to make such changes in my dress as were necessary to preserve my character of the Spanish youth.

"How and when I met you I need not say—but my whole soul was absorbed in striving to influence you to take me with you. That evening when you, after having some angry words with Ralph, went out alone, I took up my position on the balcony; and recalling that other evening when I knelt at your bedside, I concentrated every faculty I possessed, in an effort to exert the same influence over you then while you were at a distance."

She paused—for Wayne had raised his head and was looking at her with something like terror expressed in his face.

"What is it?" she said, inquiringly.

"On the night of which you speak, I saw you just as I did when I awoke and found you kneeling before my bed. My volition was perfectly absorbed into some influence that so completely overpowered me that I was like a somnambule, without will or object. I could not understand it then—I do not now."

A look of wild enthusiasm swept over the girl's pale, spiritual face, but it was gone in an instant and she resumed:

"Something told me I had succeeded, and that I might henceforth place implicit trust in my own power. I did and it never failed me. Twice afterward I directly influenced you; once when I again stood before your bed while you slept, and you awoke and swooned away, but I learned the next morning, as I knew I should, that in spite of Ralph's opposition St. Anne was to sail in the Calypso. The other occasion was when I accompanied you to the island, though you had resolved to go alone."

"And proved my saviour. Oh! Eve, my precious one!"

"Thank God I did! and it is this consciousness that I have served you faithfully that makes me willing to die. I saw at once that you were interested in Gertrude, as you could not help being, and I set about interesting her in myself and accomplished it; but she overcame me, and won my whole heart in return, and made me love her as I never loved one of my own sex before. But I could not resign you to her, and when it dawned upon me, as it did soon after we left Valparaiso, what Ralph's plans really were, I forgot that I might be leaving her in danger, and thought only of escaping with you to the island, where I knew we would be left together—I hoped for the rest of our days, selfish being that I was. I intended to discover myself at last, and imagined when there was no one else for me to suffer in comparison with, that you would love me even as I did you, but when you opened my eyes to the hideous reality of Gertrude's situation, I forgot all else, and thought only of saving her, and she *is* safe.

"But a shadow fell upon my heart last night when I wrapped my blanket around me, and lay down beneath the stars. Something seemed to whisper that what I had to do was nearly finished, and so it proved, and I received my death wound at the hand of my half brother, whose life I spared when he stood before my loaded piece, because one mother bore us. But he has made atonement with his life. Poor Ralph! I never pitied him before.

"And now there is another strange feeling stealing over me. I seem to be conscious that my father is thinking of me, and searching for me, and my heart warms towards him as it never did before. I would love to kiss his face and hear him call me 'daughter,' but it must not be. I have finished all I had to explain, and the strength that was given me for the purpose is failing, oh! so fast. Call Gertrude; tell her I am going."

Gertrude came and bent over her with such tears of love and pity, and might have washed away a darker sin than ever stained the life of the drooping girl, who drew her face down to hers and kissed it again and again.

"If he asks your love, give it to him for *my* sake," she whispered in her ear; "and keep my memory fresh and green in your hearts, forgetting the faults that have marred my character, or forgive them, remembering that I was but a blighted flower upon whom the dew of a mother's love never fell, and cherish the recollection of the little good your goodness has developed in me. Don't bury my body in this solitary place, but let it lie where there are women buried all around me, and plant over my grave the flower of the Holy Ghost—I want to sleep beneath its pure dove, God's own emblem of His own Spirit. And now, sister—more than sister, dear darling Gertrude, who have led me upward so truly and tenderly—let me rest my head upon your bosom, and Wayne, take my hand in yours, I want to feel its pressure till sense has left me."

They did as she desired, and the dying girl's drooping head rested on the bosom of the friend whose life she had purchased with her own.

"It has been a weary, weary world to me," she continued, with her eyes fixed on the face of her cousin, "and it is better that I leave it so—better that I leave it so. It seems to me now as though I had been wandering all my life in darkness, blindly groping, with occasional glimpses of far away lights I could never reach, though always vaguely conscious of endeavoring to do so; and I have had such dreadful thoughts sometimes, that I have almost doubted my humanity, and wondered why God sent me into the world so blighted and unlike all others. But the mists, doubts, fears, and shadowy phantoms, have all vanished, and I seem to be quietly floating on still water very near peace and rest."

Her voice ceased, dying away into a soft, scarcely audible murmur. Gently, gently, the eyelids drooped, forever darkening the beautiful, mysterious eyes that had so often seemed to have a broader than human vision—softly, softly, the dark shadow of the destroying angel's wing crept up over the face whereon there lingered an expression that the countenance Divine never wears but once, and Eve Isle's night had fled before the dawn of perfect day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was again morning, and on the strand before the city of Valparaiso, a solitary stranger walked to and fro, watching with an anxious face a little schooner standing shoreward. She neared the landing, and dropped her anchor. It was the Idumean's vessel, and on board beside himself and his strange companion, were all that were left of the passengers and crew of the wretched Calypso, and they formed a funeral *cortege* for the remains of Eve Isle.

When the Idumean learned the request Eve had preferred relative to her burial, he at once placed his vessel and himself at the disposal of Wayne Ilidreth to enable him to reach the nearest port. He had been remonstrated with upon the danger of thus venturing within the reach of those who might recognize and hand him over to the civil authorities, but true to his fatalistic creed, he replied—

"God is merciful! Let His will be done!" and turned a deaf ear to these friendly warnings.

As the voyagers landed, bearing among them their mournful burden, the stranger advanced to meet them. He looked still a young man, though anxiety and care had left deep lines upon his face; and when he was near enough without any preface, he said in a voice that betrayed no little agitation,

"You have my daughter with you. Is she living or dead?"

The party paused in mute wonder at such a salutation, and the stranger repeated what he had said, with manifest impatience.

Wayne was the first to recover from his astonishment, and to recognize the wonderful resemblance the stranger bore to her whose death they mourned.

"If you are Raphael Isle," he said, "your daughter is indeed with us. But from whence have you come?"

"I am Raphael Isle; and I come from an unknown country and from an unknown people."

"You are also Stephen Darrow, whom I parted from in Cairo, more than twenty years ago," Mr. Fay said, suddenly. "I should have recognized you anywhere."

"And I also!" said the Idumean, "for he passed many weeks with my tribe when I was but a stripling, and was known among us as 'The Slave of God,' for his knowledge was wonderful."

"All that both of you say is true; and both of you I recognized *ere* you did me; but what matters it? Raphael Isle or Stephen Darrow, call me which you will. I sought my daughter, and I find her dead. Something told me she was near her end; but I did not think I would be warned too late to see her once more living. Where are you bearing her?"

"First to the American Consulate, and then to burial," Wayne answered, briefly.

"It is well. I will meet you at the Consulate, and look for the last time upon the face of my child—my beautiful, my gifted Eve."

* * * * * *

It was evening, and the moon, just risen, cast its silvery shimmer over the little party, who within a consecrated spot where vestal nuns slumbered, were gathered to lay among *such* dead the body of Eve Isle. There had been no question asked as to her religious faith when they craved of an old priest the boon to give her such sepulchre. He only looked at the spiritual face of the dead girl as it lay in the coffin, surrounded by white flowers, and whispered, with a tender sigh,

"Let her sleep with the nuns. It is fitting."

So they buried her, and turned away with hearts too full for speech. But ere another sunset darted its rays aslant the lowly mound over the heart of her who slept there, the beautiful *Flor del Esprito Santo* had taken root, planted there by Gertrude's loving hands.

"There is nought left now to bind me to the world men know; so I may return to that they know not *of*;" the father said, when the tomb had closed over his child. "I had always thought to have that faithful image of my own mind and face with me again, to point out for her the paths to knowledge, that are accessible to so few, but would have been so easy for her to tread under my guidance. But God disposes. My companions wait, and I must be gone."

"Where?" was Mr. Fay's involuntary question.

"To dwell among the people *of* whom I told you, while we were fellow travellers in the East."

"We will accompany you to the shore, and say good-by."

The singular being made no response either of assent or otherwise, and down to the shore upon which the swelling waves of the Ever Peaceful Ocean were dashing in solemn monotonous music they followed in silence, drawing after him as by a spell of enchantment.

On the strand he paused and looked seaward. A haze floated over the tranquil waters, and a heavy cloud drifting athwart the sky overshadowed and obscured the moon for a little space.

He uttered a peculiar whistle, which was instantly answered, and presently after a large boat appeared, whose huge sail was fluttering, ready to be hoisted, and approached where they stood. It was manned by a crew who spoke a dialect understood by no civilized man, save he whom they awaited. Their members were grave to solemnity, and their dress fantastic.

Stephen Darrow waved a silent adieu to those who were there to witness his departure, and then stepped on board and took the helm. No orders were spoken, but his wishes seemed to be understood. The fluttering sail was hoisted and stood out sharply defined against the sky like the wing of some gigantic bird just poised for flight, and then into the haze and gloom of night the boat and its mysterious company glided and disappeared, leaving standing there upon the shore, Wayne and Gertrude, who saw perhaps in the dim perspective of the future the commencement of another voyage they would make together, hand linked in hand, heart bound to heart.

"The late John L. Stephens, Esq., during his extensive tour through Central America some years ago, encountered an old padre, who assured him of the existence of certain mysterious tribes of Indians who had never submitted to white domination, and were still living in all respects as their forefathers had done before Cortez's invasion of Mexico—[illegible] the outside world, and with the [illegible] who had [illegible] like them maintained their independence and [illegible] strict exclusiveness they hold no intercourse, and no stranger was allowed to approach their villages.

Visionary as the statement may seem to the general reader, Mr. Stephens regarded it as so far worthy of credence, that he debated the expediency of making a wide detour from his line of travel to a mountain which was said to command in clear weather a partial view of one of those isolated villages, and while admitting that the padre's story might have been colored to a certain extent by fancy, he intimated that it would be worth the while of one or two young men fond of travel and adventure to spend four or five years in the vicinity, studying the habits and languages of the contiguous people with the view of making their way into this town *incognito*, should its existence not prove chimerical, and was evidently impressed with the idea that if such a people did exist, and intercourse could be opened with them, that much of the profound mystery enveloping the origin of the ancient ruins scattered through that country might be explained.

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LOVERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking, as only lovers talk,
Sweet, foolish trifles, Love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair—

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair!
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die.
A squirrel startled from its lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright red flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face—
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may!
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

◆

A Javanese Matrimonial Advertisement.—Among the many odd customs which distinguish the Chinese of Java is one which would startle the young ladies of England. Beneath the windows of their houses is often to be seen an empty flower pot, "lying horizontally on the portico roof." Its position cannot be accidental, because it is seen in so many cases. Nor can it be looked upon as a religious symbol, for then there would probably be one on each house. It is nothing more nor less than a matrimonial advertisement, the plain English of which is, "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted." —*The London Quarterly Review for October.*

The True Gentleman.—By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between the high and low rank and subordination, riches, and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable to himself, and in judgment to others; and requires no law but his word to make him fulfill an engagement—such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth.

No Trust in a Tell-Tale.—"How is it," cried an elegant China vase that stood empty, "that I, beautiful, elegant, and universally admired as I am, stand empty, while you, a common, glazed, earthen pot, are filled with costly wine?" "It is because you have a flaw: you leak. Therefore, although all confess your beauty, and yield it due praise, nobody can trust you as they can poor homely me," answered the Jar.

True Education.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

EDITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STELLA STILLMAN.

She was an orphan. In her helpless babyhood they laid away in the quiet churchyard the parents she was destined never to know till they met on the shores of another world.

Henry Ainslie and Herman Clay had been intimate from boyhood; and it was with a feeling of perfect confidence that the former placed his one treasure in the arms of his friend, ere his feet crossed the dark river to join those of the idolized young bride just gone before. "Homeless, parentless, helpless, I yield my birdling up to you," were the last words syllabled by the white lips, and well was the trust repaid.

Taken alike into the large old-fashioned farm-house, and the great, warm heart of its owner, the little Edith never realized the loss that had clouded her earliest days. Only one bud had opened by the hearth-stone of Herman Clay; his little Claude—gentle, fragile, loving; with a face like the pictured Christ-child. And so the two children walked together through the years that led to manhood and womanhood; Edith gay, affectionate, content if only his hand would lead her; Claude looking with reverent love on each toss of the bright little head or smile of the dimpled mouth; caring more for baby words than for all the world beside.

But rosy childhood flitted away at last. Although her benefactor was in the humble walks of life, Edith was allowed a good education. Claude toiled through college with limited means until at length the darling wish of his heart was realized, and he was all prepared to enter the sacred desk in the service of the All-father he adored. And thus it was that years of struggle and change had passed, ere the two again met beneath the lowly, yet cherished roof of home.

If Claude had loved the little baby-girl who had shared his early joys and sorrows, it is no wonder he worshipped the peerless woman. Tall, graceful, with her round, bright face, and raven tresses, she was a rare flower in that old homestead; possessed of a warm, loving heart, although away down in its depths lurked the seeds of that ambition which had blighted her father's health and life, and which needed only the rain of temptation to bring them forth to light.

And Claude soon found he was not the only one that loved her. Often and often a stylish horse was fastened to the neat fence that enclosed the pretty yard; often and often there was another who sought her society.

Charles Warren—young, fashionable, wealthy—had left his native town to restore his failing health; had seen the farmer's peerless blossom, and resolved to call her his own. True, she was a poor country maiden—but such loveliness would grace his city home; and Charles Warren understood the art of winning women's hearts.

So, all-noble though he was, Claude learned to hate the sounds of that firm tread up the graveled walk; to shrink from the sight of that proud head bending over Edith—*his* Edith; for although he had never spoken to her of love, it seemed as if he could not give her up. At least he would summon courage, and know the worst.

And so one afternoon when Edith sat idly by the open parlor window, Claude entered, took a seat near by, and said,

"Young Warren comes here often, Edith."

He thought he spoke calmly, but the tone was husky and abrupt. There was a start, a flush, and then the simple word,

"Yes."

Claude did not pause. He had began the task, and painful though it was, he would not falter.

"I have always been a brother to you, Edith," he went on, (How that word brother smote him now!) "may I ask if he ever speaks of love—of marriage?"

"Of both;" picking a rose from the climbing vine outside, a little nervously.

"And is that love returned, Edith? Do you think you will, at some future day, accept him?"

No one but Claude himself knew the effort that question cost.

There was a long pause—then she sat there quiet and self-possessed.

"I *have* accepted him."

There was no emotion in the tone. The sunlight shimmered through the green leaves on the calm face, and one bird warbled on the pear tree just outside.

"Edith, I love you better than my own life!"

The words burst from him involuntarily. He meant to have concealed it all, but his exquisite agony wrung it forth. There was no perceptible change in the face by the window, and then the vast ocean of Claude Clay's love welled forth, sweeping away all the floodgates of prudence and reserve.

"I love you, Edith!" and the tones were passionate and hoarse, "I love you with the whole force of my being! Year by year that love has gathered strength, till it is like a mighty river that will not be controlled! I have folded you away in my inmost heart like some priceless gem! You have been the beacon-light that has guided me on through struggle and toil! I cannot, *cannot* give you up. It would rend every fibre of my soul!"

And Edith! what of her? Dearer than her own heart's blood was the man before her; but he must never know it.

There was a hoarse gasping in the young man's throat, and then he went on; this time bitterly.

"But I am only a poor country clergyman at best; and he is a son of wealth and fashion. Of course he could not choose a bride among the daughters of high degree, but must claim the one blossom that my whole heart craved! Thus says fate; but I could better see you die to-day, than behold you the wife of another!"

The rose was crushed till a thorn was pressed deep into her finger—but she heeded not the pain, so insignificant it was, compared with that which was searing her heart forever.

There was a long pause—and when he spoke again, all the passionate harshness was gone from his voice.

"May the pitying Father forgive these rebellious thoughts," he said, in low, mournful tones, "I had hoped so fondly for a sunny home in the future, that would be yours and mine; but it is over now, and I must be content. In God's own time, I shall know why this crushing blow was sent;" and with bowed head, and bended knee, acknowledged the stroke was just.

She rose abruptly.

"Let this end now," she said. "One month hence, we part before the world; [illegible] good-bye in reality now. Always your friend, Claude," with out-stretched hand.

He looked at the dainty fingers longingly. "I cannot take them with the feeling of a brother," he said at last, "the right to clasp them with other sentiments, belongs to another. Farewell, Edith. May the good God bless you forever!"

And the roses wafted in their sweet perfume; the single bird in the green tree-top poured forth its richest melody; but they heard it not; while the sun showered down his golden rays as gayly as though two hearts had not just been blighted for life.

Thus goes the world. In the common, familiar life around us, hearts are breaking every day! lives are hourly growing more and more a burden of misery; and souls are blighted for time and eternity:

> "But even paced come round the years,
> And Nature changes not."

It was over at last, and Edith went from her early home a bride. Went to move in frigid, yet flattered dignity amid a blaze of splendor; went to find how utterly cold and selfish was the man whose name she bore; went to wear a weary, aching heart beneath a silken bodice, and to realize how much better it is to

> "Range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
> Or wear a golden sorrow."

It was a gloomy afternoon in mid-winter that she sat by the window of her elegant chamber, gazing forth at the storm, feeling all the while that it was not half so desolate as her heart. Her husband sat opposite, dozing over a book, but roused himself soon, and remarking, "I am going down to do some writing, wife," left the room. The door closed sullenly, the storm grew wilder without, and she sat there thinking—thinking.

Four years of married life, and what had they brought her? Throbbing brain, anguished heart, and sleepless nights. So it would be in all the years to come. She looked forward towards the never-ending future that lay beyond. It was utterly rayless. No pardon or peace in the world to come for one who had crushed down every holy sentiment, and fostered pride and ambition in this.

The storm grew fiercer. The soiled snow whirled in angry eddies back and forth, while the wind chaunted a dismal dirge. There was one little spot of marble pavement that had escaped. Round and round it whirled the snow, but there it lay, white and shining; and Edith bent forward and watched it with anxious, wistful eyes, as if it had been a human soul. Over it spread the snow—off again—over it and off again: then it piled on gradually. The dark eyes were strained intensely. There was a mournful wind-wail; then one little glimpse of the pure stone, but it was the last. Swifter and swifter whirled the dark snow, hiding it deeper from view.

There was a great groan welled up from the aching heart, and she rose suddenly, pacing the rich carpet with stony eyes and white lips; going at last to a half-opened drawer, and tossing over the contents aimlessly. All at once her fingers drew forth something from one corner; a little golden locket with a pictured face therein: a sweet mouth, earnest eyes, and white brow stamped with intellect. She grew deadly pale, and clutched at a chair: then the reaction came. All through these days and nights of agony she had kept it under control, while it gnawed deeper and deeper into her heart's core, but now the icy calmness of years gave way.

"Oh, Claude! Claude!" she moaned in frantic anguish; "Oh, Claude, I am dying by inches! Why *did* I refuse the heart you gave? why did I barter love for gold? Take me away! take me away! Take me into your heart again, Claude, a miserable, broken-hearted being! Oh, take me in pity and love, or I shall lose my reason!"

"And this is the woman who promised at the altar to love, honor, and obey."

There was no start. The passionate agony of her face settled down into calm, ashy whiteness, as she turned to meet her husband. He stood there with clenched hand and sneering lip.

"This is the girl who was all purity and affection," he went on; "the woman who was all honor; the wife who was all truth."

"Proceed," she said calmly; "you cannot break a broken heart."

"Give me the picture, most injured of women."

She laid it in his hand mechanically.

"Ah! the country parson," he sneered. "The young hopeful of the house where I first saw you, kneading bread and making cheese."

It seemed strange to speak of such homely duties to that tall, queenly woman, standing there in her silks and jewels; but they made no impression on the stony face. Then his irony changed to hot wrath.

"The penniless puppy!" he cried; "the low, deceitful, canting parson! The pale-faced baby!" and with one quick movement he dashed the locket to the floor, and ground it under his heel.

"It's like you," was all she said.

"Yes, madam, it *is* like me!" he thundered; "and let it be like you to exhibit no more of this sentimental woe, or you leave my house forever!"

"I can leave it now," she said, calmly.

But that would never do. Charles Warren was proud of his beautiful wife in the thronged street and gay saloon, and the disgrace of a discarded wife must not sully his haughty name. So Edith settled into her former stony apathy and stayed, with no hope in earth or Heaven.

And what of Claude? Many were the struggles that had deepened the light in the brown eyes, and whitened the manly cheek as the weary years rolled by. Sometimes it seemed as if he must utterly give up. Was he, into whose heart the rebellious thoughts so often entered, worthy to point out the path of life to others? Was he who could not root out from his soul the image of another man's wife fit to preach of that living God whose every thought was pure? No one who listened to the musical voice, who noted the sweet smile, or gentle manner, ever dreamed of the many dark hours that crossed his way; of the frequent wrestles of agony in the quiet closet: but through all the darkness, and toil, and anguish, an all-powerful right hand sustained him; a loving Father poured balm on the turbulent spirit, and out of every trial he came calm and purified, nearer the perfect day.

And when the war clarion pealed over the land, Claude Clay was among the first to answer the call. Books and sermons were laid aside, and the musket and knapsack taken instead; with heart and hand he had toiled for the nation; and now when her rights were trampled under foot, he would give health, comfort, life if need be, for her safety; and it would be an honor to die for the old flag!

So he went forth—

"With high vows sealed, and sleeve stainless,"

and away down on the crimson soil of Maryland, the battle came. It was a wreck of manhood that lay on the narrow hospital bed, day after day, babbling of "home," and "mother," and the bright birds, violets, and buttercups of days gone by forever. At last the mind recovered, and he lay there white and motionless, as like death, save the deep, earnest look in the great, brown eyes.

And then came a pale, sad-eyed woman to the bedside, clasping the thin hand with gentle tenderness.

"Edith!" whispered the weak lips.

"Edith at last," was the low reply. "Edith after years of change and agony; Edith who is free, and who will love you to the end."

"With this—and this?" pointing to the scarred brow and useless hand.

"Maimed body and scarred heart. We will put them together and form a life that will be true till the angel calls," was the answer of perfect love and trust.

And an all-wise Maker over-looked the past, and spared the one love of her bruised heart. No more pains and struggles now. Hand in hand they go down life's pathway, with hearts that never falter in the great love they bear each other; with souls that would not have been so pure and lowly, but for the mighty waves of disappointment and agony, that deluged them in the painful past: with eyes fixed on the beautiful, pearly gate which they will enter at last, to dwell forever in that blessed home "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Nautical Saloon—A Dictator's Ideas of Great Men—Buenos Ayrean Boat Landing—A Herdiero Haven.

Don Manuel Rosas was a utilitarian of the strictest order, exhibiting throughout his whole long term of Buenos Ayrean rule a species of political and domestic economy peculiarly his own. Wonderfully simple and effective too, as well as cheap, were some of his experiments. For instance, his red vests and hat-bands system. It was utilitarianism in its most commendable form. With a depleted treasury, no revenue, no credit at home or abroad, and an army to maintain, a *red vest*, and a red ribbon an inch in width around any sort of a hat, was a most economical uniform—don't you see? A regiment of Buenos Ayrean ragamuffin *red-breasts* were as easily recognized at the distance of one or two miles as a regiment of kilted and bonneted Highlanders, and the cost of outfit was infinitely less.

When wild, tearing *torments* one day flooded all the lowland region about the Willow Forest, and set the stout Danish bark Wilhlemina down on her bottom, and when the flood subsided, on dry land, with her two anchors, as she had dragged them right in through the forest, still out ahead, to within two hundred yards of the County Palace, the Buenos Ayrean Dictator laid hold of and utilized the derelict craft in a manner peculiarly his own.

There lay the wandering Dane, very much in Don Manuel's way, and to get her out of it entirely would involve a total destruction of the vessel, which would have been a great pity, or the expense of a canal wide and deep enough to float the bark to the river, three-quarters of a mile distant, an outlay that Rosas could not afford. So, in the dilemma, he utilized her—made her both an ornamental and useful appendage to the palace grounds.

The bark was set up right on blocks clear from the ground, and securely shored there. Then her sails were unbent, her masts and yards neatly painted, her rigging tarred down and blackened to shine like a patent leather boot, a neat and tasteful awning was spread all over her upper deck, which was elegantly fitted up as a concert and dancing saloon, while in the 'tween decks there were billiard tables, a restaurant, and all manner of refreshments served at all hours on demand, in fine style and at reasonable rates. In the lower hold, floored off level, were two first-class ten-pin alleys and a drinking saloon, affording wines, cigars, and capital liquors—the whole lower world effectually lighted by windows cut through the sides of the ship.

The ascent to the deck was by a beautiful spiral stairway of iron, at the foot of which was always stationed a sentinel and *door-keeper*—the latter always a keen, practical and practiced Yankee—this nationality in the receiver of customs being a necessity, as for several years, during the Buenos Ayrean wars and La Platan blockades, all foreigners except Yankees were charged an admission fee to the nautical saloon, and as at first many Europeans speaking English used to palm themselves off as North Americans, the shrewd Dictator resorted to a down-east Cerberus whose *Sibboleth* could never be successfully achieved by any European.

The expense of fitting up the novel nautical resort was a drain upon the national treasury, while the revenue, which was a very handsome one, always went direct into the private treasury of Don Manuel Rosas.

The prevailing idea that obtains among all Spanish officials everywhere is, that the higher the position, the greater the requisite display in the autograph. Thus Senor Rosas, possessed of the idea that practically he was quite as high in power as any man could *ever* get in this world, although able only to write his name so that it was semi-intelligible, always cut an accompanying flourish, that my friend, Capt. Cator, christened a *Primogenialejaculator*, covering very nearly one-half of a page of foolscap paper.

One day, while in conversation with General Alzogaria, an intimate and confidential friend of Rosas, I exhibited two or three autograph letters of General Zachary Taylor, written a short time previous to his election to the Presidency. General Alzogaria went into ecstacies over the tremendous, slashing handwriting and hieroglyphical flourish after the signature, looking like a map of the Montezuma Marshes drawn by spiders, and begged that I would come soon to the Willow Palace and exhibit the great general's letters to Don Manuel.

I promised to do so, and the following day being the Sabbath, and his Excellency disengaged, I presented myself and the letters of General Taylor, of whose election to the Presidency we had a few days previously heard.

Don Manuel held one of the letters up before him, and although unable to read one word of it, he was nevertheless delighted, and gazed upon the massive chirography in silent and rapt admiration for full twenty minutes. Then he said, with a high-pressure emphasis on each individual word:—

"Senor Cosmo—this General President Taylor of yours is a far greater man than General George Washington!"

"Ah! Why so, Senor Rosas?"

"*Pongue.* Why, senor, don't you see?—the most grand, magnificent *flourish* in this world!"

"Oh, yes—a very respectable flourish, Don Manuel. But then in the United States we do not weigh the merits of our great men by the extent of their flourishes."

"I beg your pardon, Senor Cosmo, but in this instance it appears you have."

The stretch along the river shore is only a moderate promenade of two and a half miles or so from the Willow Palace to the boat landing, and as the latter is one of the features—the peculiar "institutions," if you please, of the city of Buenos Ayres, let us pause and discuss it briefly.

Buenos Ayres is the only place which I have any knowledge, where one goes ashore from the shipping in the harbor, as far as he can in a boat, and then goes the balance of the distance to *terra firma* in a cart. All along the river front of the city the water is so shallow that a ship's boat, drawing a foot of water, will ground two hundred yards from the shore, and then as few people care to wade knee-deep two hundred yards or so in his best "go-ashore" clothes, even in moderately warm water, the inevitable resort is to the cart.

There are always plenty of these amphibious conveyances at the landing, and a boat's keel can scarcely touch the bottom before one of the wheeled mule ferries will be backed up on either side, and the *carretero* clamorously besetting the passengers to ride ashore. The charge is by no means an extravagant one—varying from one to five dollars Buenos Ayrean currency, according to the value of the material on change, and as the paper dollar may be worth one and a half cents in the morning, three at noon, and five before sundown, it follows that the rates of cart ferriage are very fluctuating.

The principal discomforts and disadvantages of this mode of transportation is that the carts are short, tilting affairs, totally unprovided with seats, so that all passengers must of necessity make the transit perpendicularly, and having no tail-board, it not unfrequently happens that a sudden start of the mule gives all the standing committee, of which there may be eight or ten, male and female, a sudden set aft—the one next the stern, grabs at his or her next neighbor for support, they lay hold of the next person forward, and so on through the cargo, all clinging together like a dozen newly caught lobsters, all go *piourretting* aft and out the stern of the cart—*plump*—splash—overboard.

It is only a knee-deep ducking, provided all happen to alight on their feet and manage to keep them afterwards, which is not always the case. But one does not often care to pay even the moderate price of five Buenos Ayrean dollars for a knee-deep ducking.

One of our first visits any great stretch out into the *campo*, from the city of Buenos Ayres, was made by our party to the *estancia* of Don Felix Mancilla, a brother to General Mancilla, Rosas's favorite *Guacha* generalissimo, and a brother-in-law to the Dictator himself. Our visit was made at the instance of Rosas himself, and at the earnest solicitation of Don Felix and his wife, Dona Florine, who jointly insisted upon our coming out and visiting them "four months."

Aware that we were going to pay a visit to a Buenos Ayrean *Herdiero*, each member of our party, seven of whom were senoras, went provided with our beds, and independent of these appliances of comfort, our friends at the *estancia* could as well accommodate and maintain us four months as four days considering that they supplied us with sleeping room in quarters as totally destitute of furniture as a saw-mill, and that a fine fat cow could be had anywhere for a dollar in coin, with sheep proportionably cheap.

But Don Felix had no occasion to purchase stock of any kind, he having at large on his domain, it was estimated, fifteen thousand head of horned cattle, five thousand horses, and as near as could be guessed at, thirty thousand sheep.

Our reception at the *estancia* was most cordial, and as we were literally fulfilling the Scripture by taking up our beds and—carrying them with us. One of the first acts of Dona Florine was to assign as our quarters and show us where to dispose our sleeping gear. The propriety of the lady's arrangement might be questioned perhaps in our North American society, but it was all quite proper in *herdiero* social circles.

We were distributed in divisions in large, bare-walled, bare-floored, airy chambers, the division of which I formed a ninth part, consisting of two of us "benedicts," with our wives, three sweet, charming little senoritas and two bachelor gentlemen, who were to lie round loose, semi-promiscuously, or to dispose of ourselves as we should think most judicious. We soon arranged our order of sleeping very cleverly by placing the single beds of the three single senoras in a line, side and side, flanked on either hand by the double ones of the Union element, and chalking off in a remote corner the bivouac of our bachelor room-mates, with the understanding that over that chalk mark they were not to come on any pretext whatever during the night. "South American civilization."

The *salle a mange* of the establishment was an immense, low-roofed, earthern-floored, *adobe* quadrangle, a great fire always burning in the centre, and the walls hung all round, with quarters, halves, and whole carcasses of beeves, calves, sheep, and huge flitches of jerked beef, interspersed with wild game and domestic fowls, so that there was always a variety of choice, and every guest—*guacho*, peon, or white *herdiero* could help themselves to such cuts as they might prefer, and cook and eat without trouble or inconvenience to the heads of departments, or the clatter and confusion of dinner-tables and dishes. Another sample of civilization in the Southern Hemisphere.

Our host was a man of enormous wealth, and in his way a literary curiosity—in fact a *herdiero savan*, reading [illegible] more than half the time. Spanish was the only language he had [illegible], and [illegible] he had procured to be translated at Madrid, in Old Spain, for his own especial benefit, a great deal of the [illegible] and standing literature of France, Germany, and England, while that of the United States—Well, Don Felix was an enthusiastic admirer of [illegible] Dickens, and a devoted [illegible] of our leading [illegible]. It seemed he had a translation of everything of ours—[illegible] Washington Irving, Cooper's novels, [illegible] books, and the Letters of Major Jack Downing.

One day in conversation Don Felix said to me:—"Senor Cosmo, do you know I think your *Major Jack Downing* is the very greatest man this world has ever produced!"

"Yes—very clever, Don Felix, but our Major Jack Downing is a myth. The writer of those admirable letters is Seba Smith of New York."

"*Mi, Senor!* No—it is not possible—senor, [illegible]! No, sir. No—it is not possible—this is a lie!" And the positive denunciation of the [illegible] closed that controversy.

We visited five weeks, I think, at Villa Verde, and might have made our visit five years, without care or inconvenience to our hospitable hosts and hostess.

The Worst Of It.

"Do you want any berries, ma'am?" said a little boy to a lady one day.

The lady told him she would like some, and taking the pail from him, she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but what I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said boy; "you would get *the worst of it, ma'am*."

"Get the worst of it!" said she; "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

HOW A JILTED MAN FEELS.—Dick had been jilted by a flirt—and felt awfully—all down from head to foot, that is to say, "down at the heel," and "down at the mouth." To "cantcollize" the whole, he had the "sulks." As he came out of the house of his lost Dulcinea, he was met by a crony, with—

"Ah, Dick! good-morning to you! what a glorious day!"

"Oh, come, now—none of your blarney."

"Blarney—why, what's the matter? By-the-way, Dick, did you know I was an excellent thermometer? I can tell by my feelings when it is going to rain."

"Pooh! pooh!"

"I should think we might have lightning soon."

"Very possible, for I myself do *feel like thunder*."

☞ HARD HITTING.—The reason why bad people are so censorius is plain enough; they desire that others should appear as bad as themselves, and are ever seeking for proofs of the fact. So it is with many deformed people—they are always seeking for deformity in others. The other day, for example, we witnessed the meeting of two hopeful juveniles, both of whom were remarkable for peculiarity of feature.

"Hi, my hearty," shouted one of them the moment they met, "wouldn't yer like to trade off that 'ere squint eye o' yourn?"

"Well," said the other, "maybe it would do mighty well to look kinder round the corner o' that 'ere hook nose o' yourn!"

The young gentlemen separated without a sigh or a tear.

☞ HATED BOTH.—"Did you attend church to-day?" said a planter to his late slave. "Sartin, sar," was the reply; "and what two awful big stories that preacher did tell!" "What stories were they?" "Why, he tell the people no man can serve two masters; now dis is de fuss story, kase you see once I serve you, my ole massa, and also young Massa John. Den de preacher says he will love de one and hate de odder, while de Lord knows how I hated you boff!"

☞ A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the mourning of the sea.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little export demand for Flour; sales 5000 bbls at $6,25@7,75 for old stock and fresh ground superfine; $7,50@8,75 for extras; $8,25@9,75 for extra family, and $10@11 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with a small business doing in the former at $6 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat the market has been unsettled; sales reach 50,000 bus at $2@2,12 for new reds, $2@2,15 for old do, and from $2,10 to 2,35 for common to prime white. Rye is selling at $1,10@1,05 for Penna. and Jersey, and 90@95c for Delaware. Corn; sales 25,000 bus at 87@95c for Western mixed and yellow. Oats; sales 40,000 bus at 51@52c for new, and 65@70c for old.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product continues almost at a stand still, and a limited business to note at $32@34 for Mess Pork, and $12@15 ℔ bbl for country and city Mess Beef. Bacon moves off in a retail way at 25@28c for plain and fancy Hams; 18@18½c for Shoulders, and 19c for Sides. Lard—Sales of 300 pkgs at 24@25c, the latter for prime; kegs are worth 25@26c. Butter—Sales at 24@27c, for fair to prime packed. Cheese is firm at 14@17c for Western and New York dairies. Eggs are worth 26@27c ℔ doz.

COTTON.—The week's sales reach some 300 bales at 43@45c for middlings.

BARK.—There is a steady demand for Quercitron. Sales 1st No. 1 at $32½.

BEESWAX.—Sales of 1,500 lbs at 51c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS are selling at 80@85c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to Peaches, which are selling at $1@3 ℔ basket.

HAY moves off slowly at $15@20 ℔ ton.

IRON.—The market for all kinds continues dull, with further sales at $32@38 for Forge, and $[illegible] for No. 1.

LUMBER is unchanged; sales of White Pine Boards at $37@40, and Yellow Sap do at $25 ℔ M.

MOLASSES.—We note sales of 150 hhds clayed Cuba at 38c; 200 hhds English Island at 40c; 500 hhds Muscovado at 45c, and 200 bbls Syrup at 65@75c.

OILS.—Petroleum—Sales 5000 bbls refined in bond at 51@52c; 5000 bbls crude, sold at 30½@31c, and free Oil at 65@72c, as in quality.

PLASTER is quoted at $[illegible] ℔ ton.

RICE is selling at 9½@10½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS are quiet, and a few small lots new Cloverseed have been received and sold at $13@15 ℔ bushel. Timothy is selling at $3,50@5,00, and Flaxseed at $2,55@2,60 ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum is quiet. Whiskey—Sales at from $2,22@2,25 for inferior and prime barrels.

SUGARS.—Sales 1,300 hhds, mostly Cuba, part at 12@13, currency, and 9½@11c, gold. 450 hhds Sugar House sold at 12@12½c.

TALLOW.—There is very little offering. Sales at from 11¾ to 12½ for country and city rendered.

WOOL.—The market is quiet, the sales being limited to small lots, mostly medium and fine Fleece, at 70@75c, chiefly at 70@72c, and 65@70c for Tub. Low Wools are dull at 50@65c, and Yarns steady at $1, cash, ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about [illegible] head. The prices realized from $[illegible] to 16.50 ℔ 100 lbs. [illegible] Hogs at from $[illegible] to 16.50 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—[illegible] head [illegible] off at from 6 to 7 cts ℔ lb. 110 Cows brought from $[illegible] to 75 ℔ head.

Origin of the "Printer's Devil."

When Aldus Manutius set up in business as a printer in Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who assisted the mysterious bibliomaker; and some of the ignorant believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Manutius, desiring to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the popular classes. On this occasion he made this short but very characteristic speech:—"Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the 'printer's devil.' All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

☞ General Sheridan is said to be as witty as he is brave, and excessively fond of conundrums. One day he astounded the grave and quiet lieutenant-general by asking him why a grape-vine is like a soldier? Of course, General Grant couldn't begin to guess. "Well," said Phil, "it is because he *listed* and *trained*, has *tendrils* (tendrills) and shoots." The lieutenant-general gazed fixedly for a time upon his favorite officer, then bowed his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and quietly remarked, "You'll do." [But General Sheridan "won't do" if he thus steals his jokes from Tom Hood.]

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—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at *once prompt, infallible*, and harmless.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, D. D., Mr. W. H. ANTHONY to Miss SARAH B. DOWNS, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM P. SCHRIVER to Miss ELLA M. JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JAMES GURLEY to Miss DOROTHEA MCCLELLAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. GEORGE W. BALDWIN to Miss MARIA L. MCCORMICK both of this city.

On the 19th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ALBANUS E. WENZELL to Miss ELIZABETH ENGARD, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Mr. Bringhurst, Mr. PETER DE CAU to Miss MARY DONOGHUE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. P. P. Hedden, WALTER A. DONALDSON to Miss SUSAN H. LEWIS, of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. D. M. WILSON, of Tacony, Pa., to Miss RELLIE L. LOUNSBERRY, of Freehold, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Capt. WASHINGTON AIREY, Co. L, 15th P. V. C., (Anderson Cavalry) in his 23d year.

On the 15th instant, THOMAS ORTON, in his 83d year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, relict of the late Saml. Smith, in her 79th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. BEULAH PETERSON, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS MILLS, in his 50th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. ISAAC C. FLOOD, in his 79th year.

On the 14th instant, JUSTUS MARTIN, in his 61st year.

On the 13th instant, WALTER P. BATES, Sr., in his 65th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM H. JONES, in his 60th year.

On the 12th instant, BARBARA, wife of Jacob Starr, in her 74th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. MARMADUKE MYERS, in his 80th year.

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3 "	Crying Colic or Teething of Infants	[illegible]
4 "	Diarrhoea of Children and Adults	[illegible]
5 "	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	[illegible]
6 "	Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Vomiting	[illegible]
7 "	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	[illegible]
8 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 "	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	[illegible]
10 "	Dyspepsia, [illegible] Stomach	[illegible]
11 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
12 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
13 "	Croup, [illegible]	[illegible]
14 "	Salt Rheum, [illegible]	[illegible]
15 "	Rheumatism, [illegible]	[illegible]
16 "	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Old Agues	[illegible]
17 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
18 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
19 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
20 "	Whooping Cough, [illegible]	[illegible]
21 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
22 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
23 "	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	[illegible]
24 "	General Debility, or Physical Weakness	[illegible]
25 "	Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	[illegible]
26 "	Sea-Sickness or Sickness from riding	[illegible]
27 "	Kidney Disease, Gravel, [illegible]	[illegible]
28 "	Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
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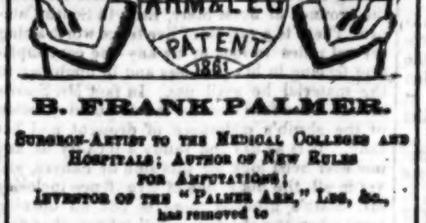

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This favorite of the ladies leads off in its August number with a beautiful steel engraving called "GRANDPA'S DARLING"—the face of the old man, with its deep, thoughtful eyes, strikes us as particularly fine. Among the figures of the colored Steel Fashion Plate, we note a Bridal Dress, very chaste and pretty. The other engravings of this number are, "The Children and the Rain-drops," "Jacket a Bandeaux (front and back view)," "Bonnets," "Gentleman's Shirt," "Gored Waist with Braces (front and back view)," "Gimp Ornament," "Watteau Skirt Supporter," &c., &c. The Music for this number is the fine piece, "Rest, Noble Chieftain!" We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

STEEL PLATE.—Grandpa's Darling.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.
The Children and the Rain-drops—Jacket a bandeaux, (back view.)—Bonnets—Jacket a bandeaux, (front view.)—Bonnets—Dress of Silk or Mohair.
MUSIC—Rest, Noble Chieftain.
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
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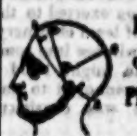

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DYSPEPSIA AND COSTIVENESS CURED—D. J. TENNY'S CASE.—*New York Monitor*, January 14, 1860.—Whether the Brandreth's Pill is ever convertible into blood, we will not now discuss. But our chief object at this time is to give a statement of a gentleman who says he has taken one of the Brandreth's Pills, for at least sixteen months, daily, or about 480 days in succession, and who says that at the end of that time he considered himself cured of Dyspepsia, attended by a constant costive state of the bowels, which had troubled him for a long time.

This gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, resides at the Astor House, in this city, and has been in the enjoyment of excellent health ever since he was cured by this treatment. He is an intelligent man, and there is no doubt of the truth of his statement. This proves, at least, that as many as one of the Pills prepared by Dr. Brandreth can be taken for nearly 500 days in succession without harm, and at the end of that time a dyspeptic and costive habit of body may be perfectly cured. This could not be said of any of the cathartics in use by those who style themselves the *Regular Faculty.*

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

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Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. aug26-3teow

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Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Scene of [illegible].

Stephen C—— was a great wag, and [illegible] to play tricks on any one. Among his acquaintances was a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very badly. They were not acquainted with each other.

Bob F——, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive, and to think that any one was making fun of his defect, made him frequently fly into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet both of them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing you to one of my acquaintances, a worthy young gentleman?"

"Cer-cer-cer-certainly, sir."

Away he started for Bob F——.

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want to introduce to you. Come on."

"Does she taw-aw-talk?"

"Yes—like blazes."

So off they started, and soon approached the seat of the lady, Stephen introduced them, and immediately drew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:—

"How are you enjoy-joy-joying yourself th-th-this evening, ma'am?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly. But it is ra-ra-ra-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings, and continued:

"I pre-pre-pre-presume you are acquainted with most of these pe-pe-people present."

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir; with all, I be-be-be-believe," said she, smiling.

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation; for hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-thunder! ma-a-dam, if that is the w-w-way you make f-f-fun of a f-f-fellow's infi-firmities, you may go to gr-gr-grass."

Stephen laughed immoderately all the time, and was subsequently called to account for the trick; but his good nature drove away all bad feelings.

The Baffled Lawyer.

At a late sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon Crazy Pat being called for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some inconsistency, upon which he might build a point; but he was excessively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired, flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wudn't be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' leave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think it would take to tan an ox hide?"

"Well, sur, that's entirely owin' to circumstances."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll just step down the lane, after the court, I'll show ye I could tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."

A Good Pun.

Councellor Codex and Serjeant Pleas, who had been opposed to each other in a case of considerable interest, left the court arm in arm to take a beefsteak together at the "Gridiron."

"You made out your case well, brother," said Codex; "and it was no easy matter."

"My dear sir," replied Serjeant Pleas, "I am never in better feather than when I have to prove that *black* is white."

"Well," said Codex, "I will give you a knotty case for your ingenuity. Prove to me that that vile blackleg Thomas, who swindled you out of a hundred pounds the last Derby Day, is the best man in her majesty's dominions."

"That is easily done," said Serjeant Pleas; "for, however *good* any other man may be, no one will deny that a blackleg is sure to be a *better*."

SIDNEY SMITH was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was proud of her flowers, and used, not very accurately, a profusion of botanical names.

"Madam," said he, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?"

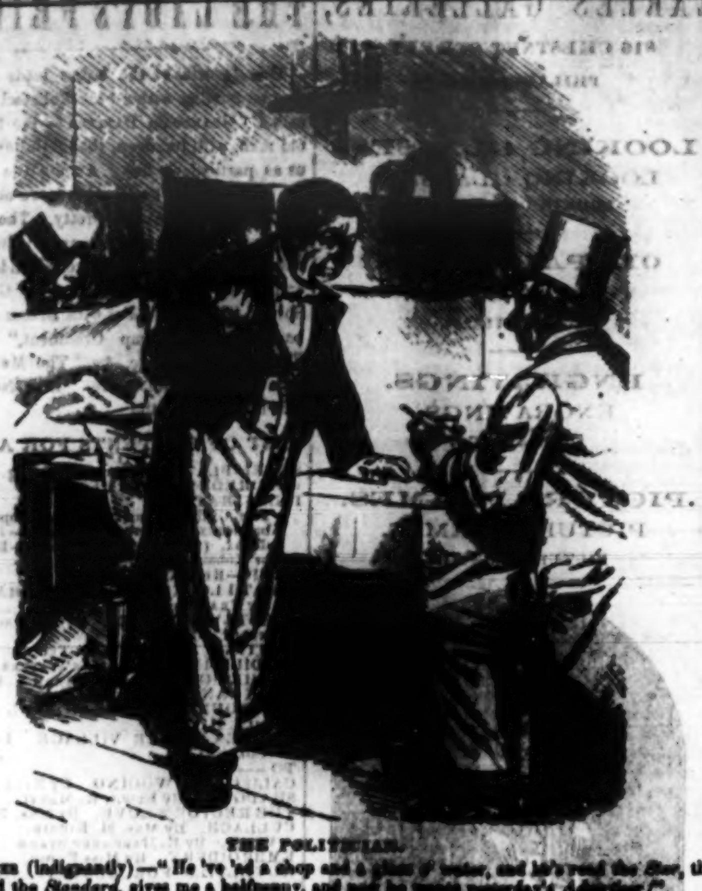
"No," said she; "I had it last year, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the spring."

Septennis psoriasis is the medical name for the seven years' itch.

A STORY is told of two Vermont captains in the war, between whom was a generous rivalry relating to their own gallantry and that of their companies. Both were dangerously wounded at the Wilderness. Captain E—— was insensible for two days, but on the third opened his eyes and inquired if Captain W—— was alive, and on being told he was doing well, said energetically, "Well, if W—— can live, I'll be d—d if I'll die," and he didn't.

EDITORIAL SORROWS.—Be an editor; let the devil be waiting for copy; sit down to write an article, and get a few sentences done; then let an acquaintance drop in and begin to tell you stories and gossips of the town; and let him sit and sit and sit. That is the quickest way we can think of to go raving, distracted mad.

TOM MOORE, the poet, used to tell a good story of the gentleman, who, when he was short of money and his relatives were stingy and refractory, used to threaten *his family* with the publication of his poems. The invariable and immediate result was as much cash as he wanted.



THE POLITICIAN.

WAITER (indignantly)—"He 've 'ad a chop and a glass o' water, and he's read the *Star*, the *Times*, and the *Standard*, gives me a halfpenny, and now he wants yesterday's *Advertiser*!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MUCK.

Our limited space precludes the possibility of our branching out very extensively, or elaborating upon the manifold excellencies of muck, or treating the *modus operandi* of its manipulation and utilization beyond a brief paragraph. "Dana's Muck Manual," to be had of almost any respectable bookseller, is the very best guide the farmer can have; but having ourself an idea that, notwithstanding our advice, there are and will be a great many farmers who will never read the Muck Manual, we are going to advise them that if they know what is really good for themselves and their families, they will devote some portion of their *manual* labor to muck, both this year and next, and always every year.

Digging muck is money saved, and labor profitably invested. Do you know really what *muck* is, farmers? A great many, perhaps the majority, do, but have never taken the time to think about it. But there are those who own muck mines, having no more idea of their manurial wealth than an ass has of astronomy.

Mr. Noah Webster defines muck as "a mass of moist matter—anything filthy." But then it is not supposed that the great dictionary man knew a great deal about farming. Our definition, agriculturally, in the plainest possible words, is, that muck is the cream of your farm, and perhaps of several of your neighbors, surreptitiously seceded and subsided into some low, waste corner, forming a *muck hole* of most valuable manurial wealth.

Your duty is now to skim that muck out of there at every available opportunity, and place it back where it belongs, and where it will benefit you, instead of lying waste and inert matter. If your pig, horse, heifer, or sheep, stray away, don't you give chase to the truants and bring them back to where they belong? Certainly. Well, you will find it just as profitable to give chase after your runaway soil and return it to its legitimate position.

Not more than five farmers out of forty are there taking the average of our whole county over, who cannot find somewhere within the land lines of his proprietorship a muck hole, that it would be profitable to scoop the contents out of and utilize as manure.

Please make the experiment this year. It is a good time to begin now, and all through September and October the season will be favorable for muck digging and hauling—its conversion into proper condition for manure may be at your leisure all through the latter part of the fall and winter.

Begin with the first half day you can conveniently spare, and haul up and place under some cover, four cart-loads of muck. Don't leave it out doors quite, or it will begin to run away again with the first shower. It is a notorious run-away muck is. Haul in from out-of-the-way nooks and corners, head-lands of fields, and wherever else it can be laid hold of to advantage, five cart-loads of light loam, clear from stones and rubbish. Add these to the four loads of muck. Sow over the heap five bushels of any refuse dirty salt that you can buy cheap—pile on top ten bushels of lime; and as you find the time during the fall and winter, shovel the heap over thoroughly, say three times, so as to incorporate all the constituents as evenly as possible.

Keep an honest account of the whole cost of the material—labor included: in the spring, distribute the pile over a two-acre surface intended for corn or potatoes, and if the results—with equal care and cultivation, are not equal to those of an adjoining two acres fertilized with any of the mercantile manures at one-third greater cost, why—you are at liberty to discard the muck manual, and charge us with preaching false doctrine.

Please bear in mind that muck being the runaway cream of your soil is richer in *all* the elements of plant life and thrift than any manure you can purchase.

AN IMPROVED CULTIVATOR.

Our neighbor of the field of excelsior corn up on the hill, called our attention the other day to an improvement in the A shaped, five-toothed cultivator that he uses in his corn-fields, and as the improvement is so simple and cheap, and withal produces such satisfactory results, it seemed worth while to take Mr. Kaign's idea in welcome and distribute it among farmers as widely as we can at the same cost.

The improvement consists in replacing the two hind feet, which of course are outside ones as the implement is drawn over the ground, with wrought mold boards and points all in a single piece of steel, having a stem to fit the mortice in the wood, making at each outer wing of the cultivator a neat little plough, running next to the rows of whatever is to be cultivated, and very like the lightest one-horse plough in use in appearance, but as unlike it as possible in its action. The upper and hinder portion of the share instead of being curved over outwards as in all ploughs, falls inwards something like the half of a capital S, only the curve inwards is not nearly so great. So while the ordinary mold board plough turns over the earth, a good deal of which frequently falls upon and crushes young and tender plants, Mr. Kaign's improved share will run closer to the plants without injury. It lifts the soil as high as is necessary, and lets it fall back over the inward curve perfectly disintegrated—never covering and crushing the tender plants as the plough often does.

The share is made of steel, half an inch in thickness, so simple that any common-sense blacksmith can make one, and as they can be pointed and re-pointed whenever it is required, they will last a great many years.

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES.

In the discussion of live fences that has been carried on in our country by all sorts of agricultural disputants for the past twenty years, the Osage orange as a fencing material has been so often villified, belied, and abused, that if it had been the weak, vacillating, unreliable thing it has so often been accused of being, the whole Osage stock should have died out long ago of a broken heart.

For a good many years we were among the enemies of the shrub, and slandered it with all our might, verily believing we were thereby rendering the country and community a service. But we have been converted from our paganism, and in future intend to fight as stoutly for the "Osage" as we have done against it.

It has frequently been argued that the Osage orange is always unreliable, and will not grow evenly on dry, light, sandy soil. That is an exploded fallacy. If West Jersey is not a dry, sandy territory, a great portion of it, what is it, pray? And we can show to those who will take the trouble to come with us and look, as strong, even, healthy, and close-growing hedges of Osage orange in West Jersey as any hedge that ever grew of any material. Foremost among these is the Osage orange fence inclosing the grounds of Jesse Starr, Esq., in South Camden. There is a sample of live fence worth going several miles to look at by any one contemplating fencing in his premises and in doubt as to the material he shall use. In fact Mr. Starr's orange fence fairly settles the disputed question of the shrub's endurance of drought and hot sand. It is as dry and sandy a locality as any one ever need look for this side of Sahara, and yet in all the long line of live fence inclosing Mr. Starr's grounds, there is not an opening now, when the shrub is in full foliage, that daylight can be seen through, and the shrub never grew more even and vigorously anywhere in this world. It is kept neatly and uniformly cut, and as it stands at the present time, it is the handsomest, most efficient live fence we have ever seen.

With just such management as has been bestowed on this hedge of Mr. Starr's, the Osage orange will succeed and make an admirable cheap fence anywhere that any of our hedge material will grow. We have not heard yet that live fencing stock of any kind will take care of itself and grow into either a symmetrical or efficient fence.

SHINGLING TURKEYS.

A most capital plan, certainly, and new to us, this shingling of turkeys. It may be so to somebody else somewhere, and so we disseminate the information.

Our neighbor on the hill has a famous old gobbler, a fatherly old fellow, who takes sole charge of all the baby turkeys as they come from the shells, sending the mother hens back to their laying again. But then the old patriarch is a great vagabond, having a persistent proclivity for preying upon forbidden cabbage-fields and leading his young progeny into wanton mischief.

So Mr. Kaign has shingled the old chap, and keeps him within prescribed limits without the least trouble. It is a very simple affair, and very efficient—this shingling a turkey—only a common pine shingle about five inches wide, in length little more than the breadth of the turkey, the ends rounded off smooth, and holes bored through far enough from the centre towards each end to admit of the shingle being tied down with a [illegible] string to either wing of the fowl, close to the body so that the shingle shall lie across the back of the bird at right angles. Thus accoutred the strongest gobbler in creation cannot get over a four-foot fence to save his life, and it doesn't hurt him a speck.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BED-BUGS.

"Salt and water." "Strong brine." That's the last infallibility for the destruction of those nocturnal infernals—the housewife's pest, the sleeper's curse—the villainous bed-bug.

Since I began counting, within these three past months, there have been, to my certain knowledge, sixty-three respectable editors of respectable papers conscientiously declaring that salt and water will kill and keep away bed-bugs. Now it won't do any such thing, gentlemen, and you ought to know better; otherwise, depending upon your promulgated panacea for protection, you may awake some fine morning and find yourself worse bitten than you have been by believing somebody's salt and water bed-bug humbug.

I tell you that salt and water, or strong brine, or ground alum salt itself, will no more kill or keep away a bed-bug than it will a Rockaway clam. At least it won't *Jersey* bugs. I have tested thoroughly, and exploded that humbug. Flooded ten bugs with two quarts of brine, so strong that it wouldn't hold in solution another atom of salt. Pshaw! It didn't even hurry the cannibals a mite. Then I buried the pirates two inches deep in pure, dry ground salt. That only fertilized them. In four days they had a family of four hundred. St. Ubes itself wouldn't have discouraged the miscreants.

Next, I resorted to somebody's bug powder, warranted to kill every bed-bug in a whole block in something less than no time. Followed directions implicitly, and bugs multiplied famously under the treatment. Then I got two boxes of the never-failing, inevitable *Phosphorus* Paste. I drowned the bedstead in scalding water, and plastered every chink, joint, and crack with phosphorus. On the third night the guerrillas drove us out of camp entirely. I went into an investigation, and found a legion of bugs living in and fattening on the *Phosphorus Paste.*

"One more effort." A kill-bug my desperation suggested. "If that don't make 'em leave here, I'll leave Jersey!" So I got a can of *Concentrated Lye*—cost twenty-five cents—dissolved it in a quart of warm water, bathed my bedstead in all its joints with it, and *Messieurs Editors*, everywhere you may publish it bravely, I wish you would for your own, and the good of community—Concentrated Lye *will kill bed-bugs every dead.*

PEAR MARMALADE.

Marmalade manufactured from pears may be made quite equal—superior, I think—to the most delicate Guava jelly, pine-apple paste, or any other admirable conserve ever invented; and as the present season pears will be abundant in many regions where all other fruit crops will prove a failure, I have an idea that a great many people ought to know how good pear marmalade can be cheaply made.

In the first place, sound fruit, free from worms and black specks, is a necessity. Wash the pears clean, cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, without paring or removing the seeds. Put the fruit into a preserving kettle, keep the kettle closely covered, and stew moderately four hours. When cold, strain the mass through a fine hair or wire sieve, or a thin, strong cloth answers very well. To a gallon of the mass, add two pounds of clean, light-brown sugar, two ounces of ground cinnamon, and two ounces essence of lemon, if to be had.

Fill glass fruit cans with the pear batter quite full, set the jars in the preserving kettle in water up to their necks. Place the kettle over a slow fire, so as to heat the water gradually, and boil moderately twenty minutes. Then put in the stoppers and screw tight while the jars are hot, and when cold, set away in cool, dry, *dark* closets. Thus made and put up, pear marmalade will be excellent, and, if not eaten or stolen, will keep good till 1870.

COOKING CANTELOUPES.

Last week, one day, by way of experimental variety, I cooked canteloupes three times—for breakfast, dinner, and supper—and the unanimous verdict of the seven was, they were capital canteloupes, cleverly cooked.

I used the small, green-fleshed, *citron* kind. For breakfast, I cut nice, tender veal into very thin, delicate slips; the citrons were pared, scooped out, washed and cut up in like manner, and with the veal placed in hissing hot fat in a skillet, salted, peppered, dredged lightly with flour, kept covered close, and smothered over a pretty hot fire ten minutes, then turned like a pancake with a cake paddle, cooked ten minutes longer, and eaten hot.

For dinner, the citrons were pared, scooped out, filled with moderately tart apples, pared, cored, and sliced thin, covered with a shell of shortened crust, rolled in a bit of clean cloth, steamed one hour, and served with sauce like apple dumplings.

For tea, I prepared the citrons the same as for dinner, and filled them with eggs beaten up thoroughly with corn starch and milk very thin, sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Then the citrons were set in small bowls, the bowls in a dripping-pan half filled with hot water, the pan into an oven moderately hot, and baked half an hour.

We decided that our citron custards were several degrees superior to the standard milk and eggs variety.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

A GENTLEMAN, who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer. "Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife, probably, is already as mad as she can be."

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 44, 2, 37, 18, 48, 20, 10, 8, is a river in Russia.

My 51, 39, 5, 25, 35, 41, 3, is a river in France.

My 4, 34, 50, 15, 24, 19, 1, 38, 13, is a town in South America.

My 35, 32, 15, 7, 11, 26, 9, 46, is a river in the United States.

My 43, 19, 45, 47, is a city in the middle states.

My 31, 14, 17, 42, 36, 43, 33, is a town in the Southern states.

My 17, 40, 23, 29, 39, 41, 12, is a town in Virginia.

My 23, 10, 12, 27, 46, 21, 4, 6, 16, 13, 28, 28, is a county in England.

My 44, 49, 19, 22, 27, is a town in New York.

My 32, 22, 1, 23, 12, is a division of Asia.

My whole is a witty saying of one of our generals.

E. T. H.

Kenton, O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 9, 10, 5, is a river in Iowa.

My 6, 4, 11, 6, 8, 10, 9, is a state in the American Union.

My 7, 3, 8, is a lake in British America.

My whole is a city in Nebraska, also the name of an island in Nebraska.

JOHN L. MARTIN.

Anagrams.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Come, Ben. L. Pitt.	7. Got, ten, Mona.
2. Duel flight.	8. Joy! ten men.
3. Canton St.	9. Big heron.
4. Neat rip.	10. Dear Rob.
5. A drive.	11. For Low.
6. Gander.	12. Olivet.

Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHHEW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often made of gold,
Of iron, or lead, or tin;
My second, in the days of old,
Did often punish sin.
My whole's a kind of habitation,
That's used in almost every nation.

Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHHEW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a girl's nickname.
My second is a pronoun.
My third is a rebel general.
My whole is a contributor to the Riddler.

EVA.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere, 8,000 miles in diameter, and entirely covered with water, and that a vessel begins to sail on the equator, diverging from it at an angle of 11½ degrees with north, and thus continues its course until it arrives at the *north* pole. Required, the distance the vessel will sail.

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The distances from the point of contact to the foci of an ellipse, are respectively 3 and 8 feet. The length of one of the perpendiculars upon the tangents is 4 feet. Required, the solidity of a sphere whose circumference passes through the two points where the perpendiculars meet the tangent. Area of ellipse being 301.5936 square feet.

CHAL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An elastic ball was thrown into the air to the height of 10,000 feet, and descended to the ground upon a smooth surface, which caused it to rebound upward again 9,000 feet; and thus the ball continued to bound and rebound until it came to a rest. Required, the time until the ball ceased to move.

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What miss will ruin any man? Ans.—Mismanagement.

☞ What is the greatest curiosity in the world? Ans.—A woman's.

☞ When does a man die for love? Ans.—When he dies his red whiskers brown.

☞ Why is love like a duck's foot? Ans.—Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

☞ Why is a marriage certificate like an article the public could not do without? Ans.—Because it's a noose-paper.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Tell your neighbor to subscribe for the Post. ENIGMA—Wheat. RIDDLE—Crow, (row, cow, caw, roe.) CHARADE—Odin, a Scandinavian god, whose particular abode was called Lidskialf, or the trembling gate. O! Din.

Answer to PROBLEM by Augustus, June 10th:—1038340½ circles or revolutions.—Daniel Diefenbach.

Answer to Thomas Irish's, same date:—33,652 inches.—Daniel Diefenbach, Francis M. Priest, and Morgan Stevens.

To X's, June 17th:—9 and 11.—F. M. Priest, S. P. Vandiver, and X.

To M. Stevens's, same date:—137 and 130. And to J. M. Greenwood's, same date:—Thickness of copper, 457 inches.—M. Stevens.

☞ When can a man be said to be [illegible] the quick? When he's noticed.